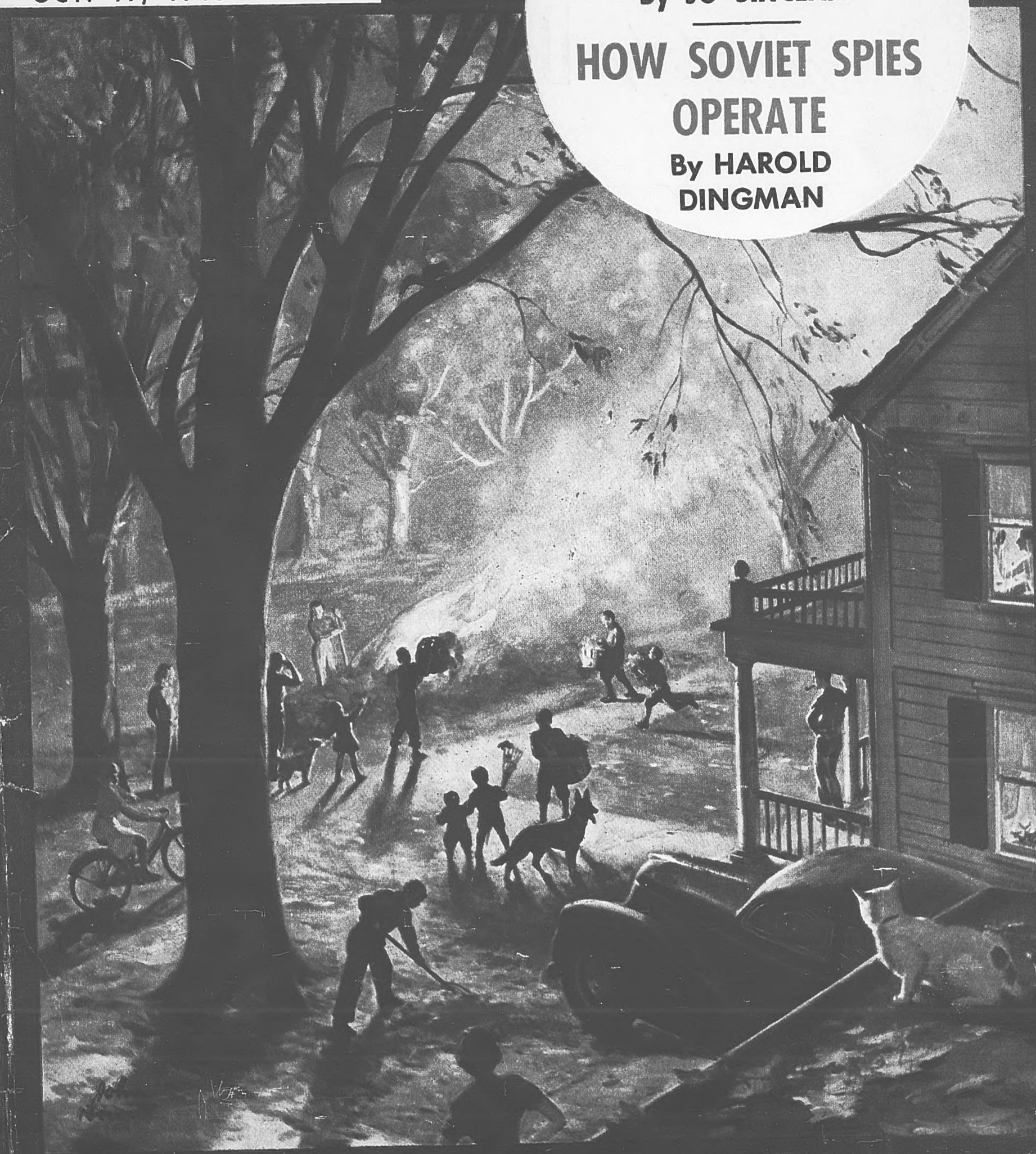
Liberty

OCT. 19, 1946 10c

Book:
WASTELAND,
THE BEST-SELLING NOVEL
By JO SINCLAIR

HOW SOVIET SPIES OPERATE
By HAROLD DINGMAN



Presenting professionally mixed cocktails by DuBOUCHETT

Many, Blanc

Developed and produced by experts

Exactly right ingredients and proportions always

The really **SMOOTH** *manhattan*

No muss – No fuss – Just stir with ice and serve

Now so easy to offer guests a choice

The really **DRY** *martini*

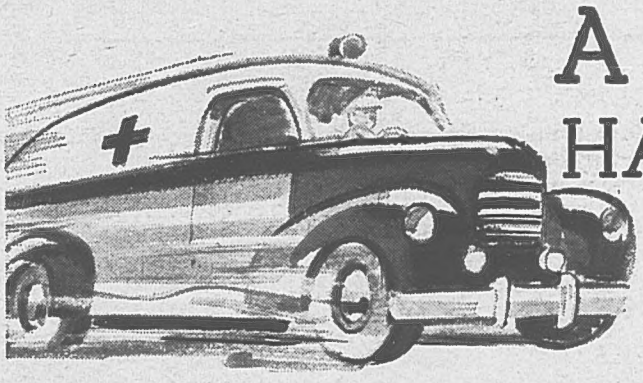
70 PROOF

66 PROOF

PRODUCT OF MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO

A CLEAN PUNCH HAS MORE POWER

In any fight, a clean, well-aimed punch has more power and telling effect. And in any car, a clean motor is a big advantage, too.

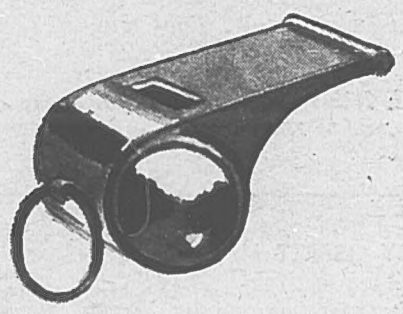


A CLEAN MOTOR HAS MORE POWER

A clean motor is a more powerful motor—it runs smoother, lasts longer, needs fewer repairs. New Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil cleans as it lubricates.

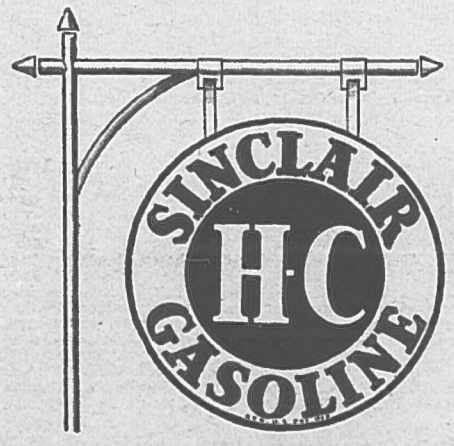
THIS NEW PREMIUM OIL

New Sinclair Opaline is a premium grade oil. It contains special war-developed chemicals to keep your motor clean of carbon, lacquer, sludge and corrosive acids, which steal power when ordinary oil is used.



KEEPS YOUR MOTOR CLEAN AS A WHISTLE

For a cleaner, more powerful motor, ask your Sinclair Dealer to drain out the old oil, flush crankcase and motor, and then refill with new Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil —Premium Grade.



STOP AT THE H-C SIGN FOR

SINCLAIR OPALINE

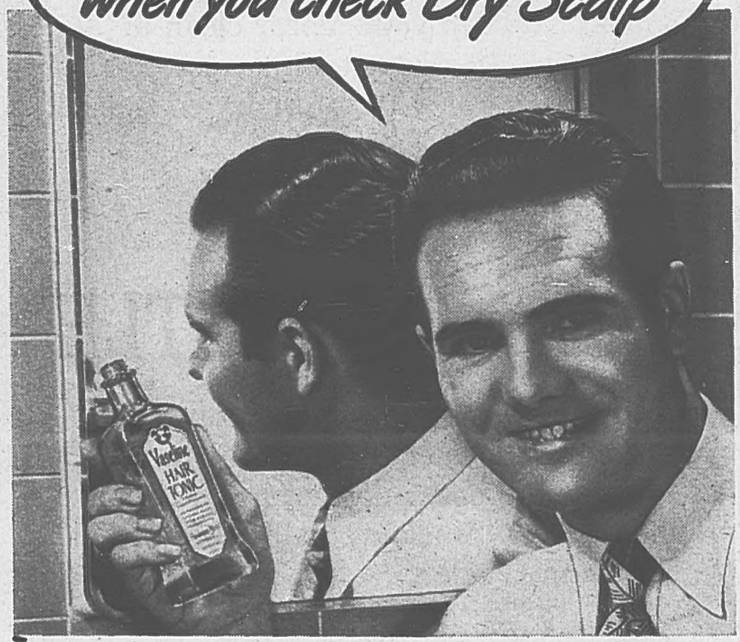
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

New Premium Grade MOTOR OIL

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **HIS MUSIC** isn't bad, but his hair is awful! It's stringy and so lifeless. He's got loose dandruff, too ... he really has Dry Scalp in the worst way! But I know what he needs. I'm going to tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



SEE WHAT a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day have done for his hair! Try it yourself. Then watch the improvement. Your scalp loses that itchy feeling. Your hair is easy to comb, natural-looking and well-groomed. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care...both scalp and hair...and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

THE WORLD TODAY IN FACT AND FICTION

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Painted by John Howitt

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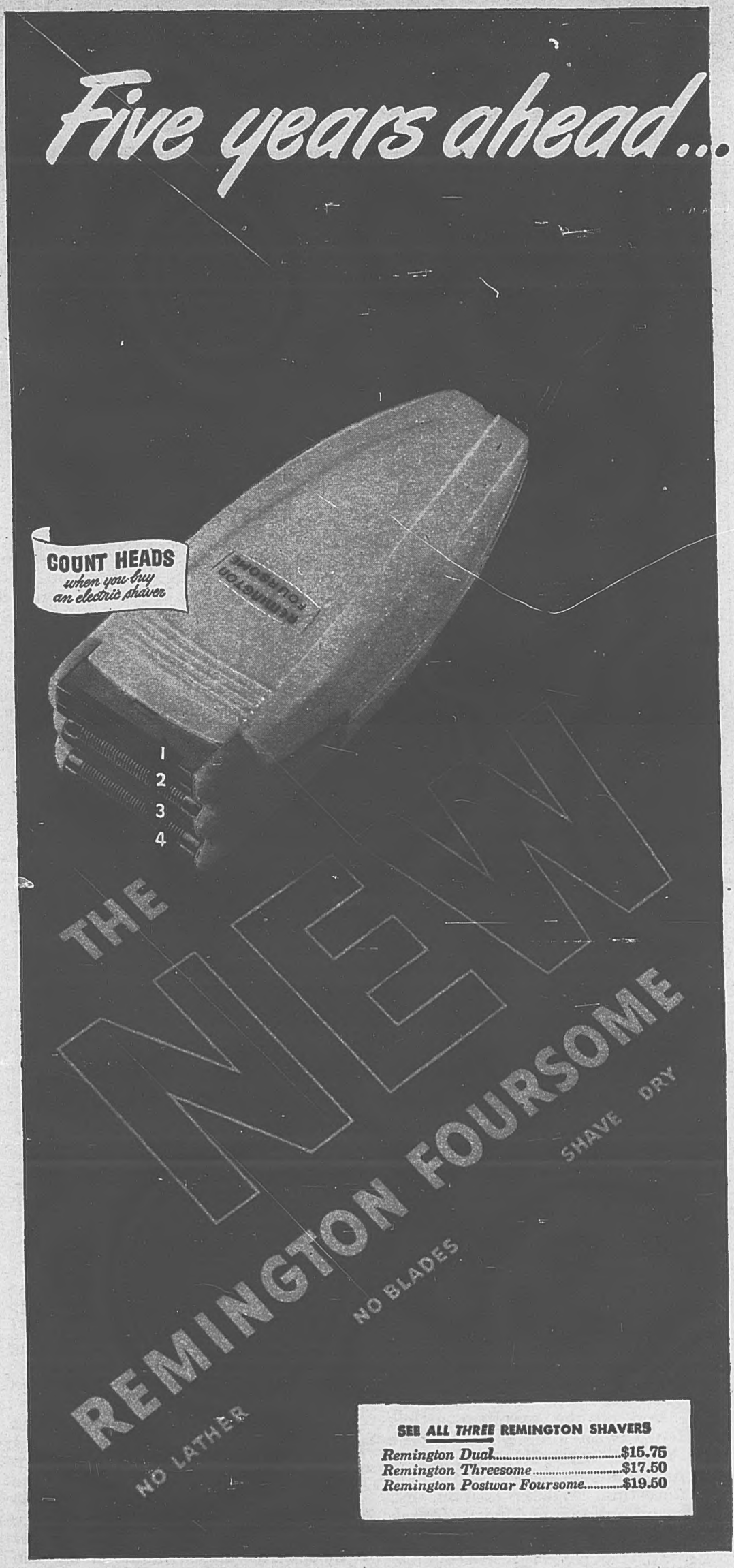
Five years ahead...



Here is the greatest advance in electric shaving since Remington Rand invented the multiple-head shaver

Now you can get an electric shaver that whisks away even the heaviest of beards in the time it takes you to wash your face — a shaver that's so startlingly effective it's five years ahead of anything else on the market!

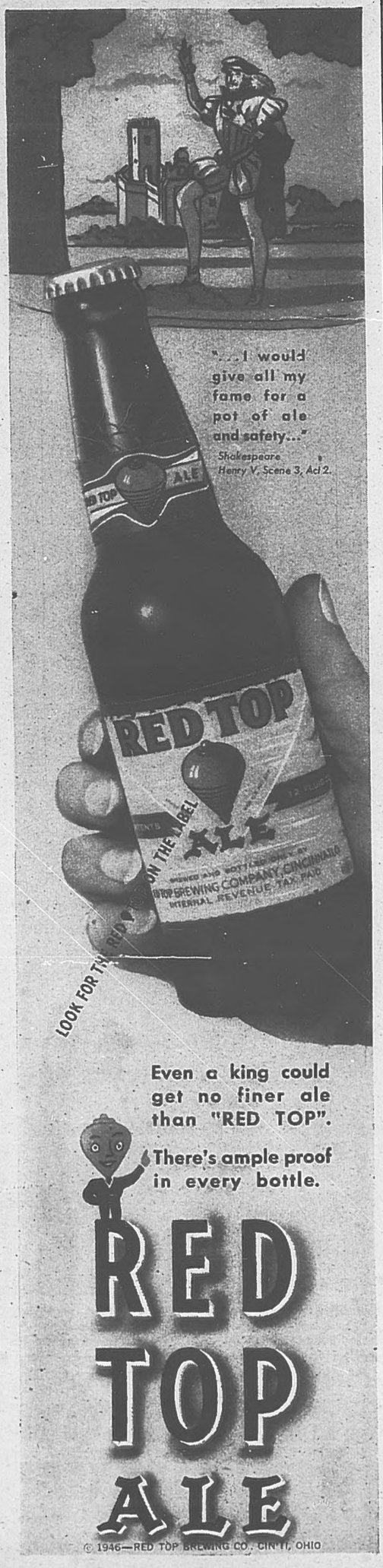
The most important reason for the amazing results you get with the new Remington Foursome is the tremendous concentration of shaving power on its head end. Look at the picture again. Just count the shaving heads, and you'll see why the Remington Foursome can shave *four* times as fast as an old-fashioned single-head shaver.

There are the two highly effective and famous Remington round heads plus the new Blue Streak twin shaving head . . . the equivalent of four single-head shavers. This combination of cutters, driven by an improved, more powerful motor, handles long and short hairs with equal ease, makes mustache and sideburn trimming easy — gives you a shave that *is* a shave!

Your dealer may already have a Remington Foursome you can try — but the supply will be limited for some time. Remington Rand, Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Conn. In Canada, Remington Rand, Inc., Toronto.

Another Remington Rand "First"! The new Blue Streak is two heads in one with a "twin" inside cutter. This twin head, combined with the two highly effective round heads, gives the Foursome *four times the shaving power of a single-head shaver.*

REMINGTON
ELECTRIC SHAVERS
A PRODUCT OF Remington Rand INCORPORATED


"...I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety..."
Shakespeare
Henry V, Scene 3, Act 2.
RED TOP
ALE
LOOK FOR THE RED TOP ON THE LABEL
Even a king could get no finer ale than "RED TOP".
There's ample proof in every bottle.
RED TOP ALE
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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

AFTER THE ATOM

DENVER, COLO.—People seem to think an atomic war would mean the end of the world. But that is not necessarily true. If modern man is as clever as he pretends to be, then there is no reason to think that he would not be able to survive as well

as his primitive forebears, when his cities and the comforts of his civilization are destroyed.—*P. H.*

Which reminds us of the story of the two apes who faced each other after atomic warfare had killed all the people in the world. Said one to the other, "I suppose we'll have to start this whole mess all over again!" —VOX POP EDITOR.

WRONG-WAY STRIPES

BOSTON, MASS.—Just have a look at the cartoon of the two skunks bristling at each other (September 14). The caption, "So do you!" is a laugh, but so are the stripes. They're going the wrong way!—*T. M. B.*

PROTECT THE WOMEN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In connection with your article, Should Housewives Be Paid? by James E. Payne and Albert A. Brandt (August 31), you may be interested in a recent ruling passed by the British passport bureau. Husbands cannot obtain passports unless they furnish written permission from their wives. This is to prevent men from leaving their wives in order to join women they have met abroad. Curiously enough, women require no husband's permission unless they are under twenty-one.—*Lawrence Martin.*

PSYCHIATRY

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—May I congratulate you on the excellent article by Henry D. Steinmetz, If Trouble's Got You (August 31). The author has his facts cold, he presents them in interesting, readable fashion, and he doesn't pull any punches.—*Joseph Andriola, Social Service Digest.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The question of how long the psychoanalytic treatment is supposed to last and how expensive it is, is not one of theory of psychoanalysis but one of its techniques. Mr. Steinmetz maligns those psychiatrists and psychoanalysts who, while adhering to the basic Freudian concepts, have been able to introduce certain valuable reforms into the technique which may shorten the duration and lessen the expense.—*Emil A. Gutheil, M.D.*

FOOD—BY ANY NAME

TUCSON, ARIZ.—In your article, Fabulous Foods, by Harmon and Elsie Tupper (August 31), I noted that "you can get an air-line delivery of exotic *eatables* from hundreds of miles away in a matter of hours." Would not *edibles* be the proper word to use? Is there such a word as *eatables?*—*M. E. Hansen.*

Our dictionary lists both—with no preference.—VOX POP EDITOR.

JECOOZY

BRYTE, CALIF.—The international differences Paul Hunter wrote about in his August 3 editorial can be best clarified by the difference between me and my neighbor. "It is Jecoozy, Jecoozy, the best there is in the world, Jecoozy," said he, when I asked him what kind of pump he got for his well. He kept repeating the strange word and told me lots of very funny things about it. I couldn't believe most of what he said, and he ran away, burning with anger. The

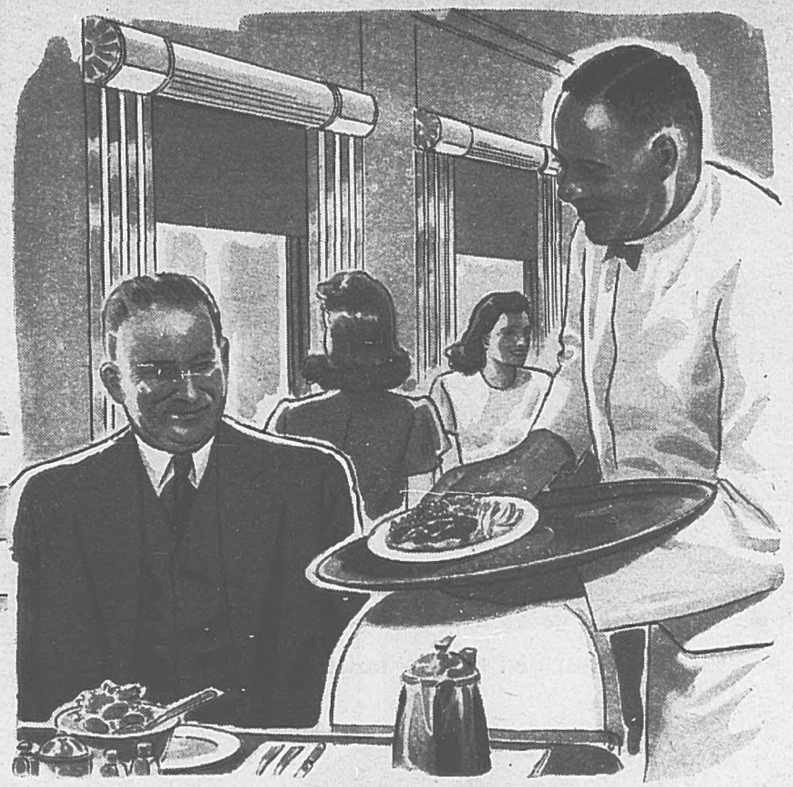
neighbor used to be a very nice fellow, but ever since he got the "Jecoozy," I simply cannot get along with him.

He acts and talks like Superman or plain crazy.

The international trouble between Uncle Joe and Uncle Sam is very much the same. Ever since he got that "Jecoozy" (the atom bomb), the proud Uncle Sam acts and talks so strangely that it becomes absolutely impossible for poor Uncle Joe to get along with him, without having the same "Jecoozy."—*O. Nichols.*

UNION PACIFIC

THE SEASONED TRAVELER
GOES BY TRAIN



For Rail-Travel Comfort at LOW COST

Go the "Challenger way" TO AND FROM THE WEST COAST

Famous Challenger service...a Union Pacific innovation . . . is made to measure for the traveler who desires comfort and other advantages at comparatively small cost.

For Sleeping-Car passengers there's a double saving; in rail fares and in berth charges. An attractive Lounge Car provides current periodicals, writing desks and radio.

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For all Challenger passengers, inexpensive well-balanced meals are served in the smartly appointed Dining Car.

If planning travel in the Union Pacific West (see map below) inquire about Challenger service at any Union Pacific office or see your local ticket agent.

In addition to the low-cost Challengers, Union Pacific also operates Streamliner and Limited trains between Chicago - St. Louis and West Coast points. No matter which service you choose, your journey via Union Pacific will be a highlight of your vacation or business trip. You relax as you ride.

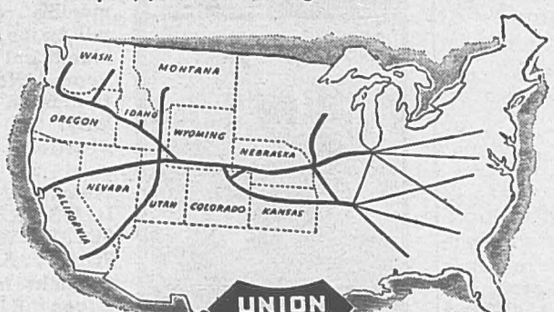
Union Pacific serves more western scenic regions than any other railroad. These include California . . . Pacific Northwest . . . and Sun Valley, Idaho, year-'round sports center, which re-opens December 21st.

SAVING IN RAILROAD FARES

SAVING IN BERTH CHARGES

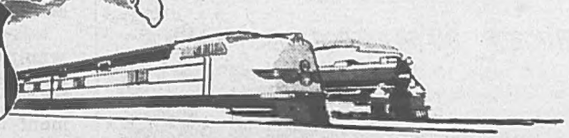
RECLINING COACH SEATS

INEXPENSIVE DINING CAR MEALS



be Specific – say "Union Pacific"

UNION PACIFIC



UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND THE *Challengers*

These small beginnings

LED TO THIS GREAT WHISKEY

Here, in a little log cabin distillery,
over a hundred years ago, James Crow perfected the whiskey
that was destined to win fame throughout the world.

THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOTTLED IN BOND

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S
GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

NON-FICTION EDITOR

WILLIAM E. RAE, who heads our article department, came to Liberty from the Boston Herald where he became a sports expert and broke the high single-string record in the night-side bowling league. Bill now lives in Scarsdale, New York, with his wife (they were married while he was at Harvard), his two children, and Kim, a cross between an Irish setter and a German police dog. His daughter works in a dog hospital (it was a stable before and the Raes hope for a perfumery next). His son (six foot two) tops Bill by half an inch. The family likes New York, but Mrs. Rae is beginning to think that Bill's face is the back of a manuscript.

CANADIAN NEWSPAPERMAN

HAROLD DINGMAN is one of the few newsmen in Canada who really knows HOW SOVIET SPIES OPERATE.... He was on the spot when the news broke last February. And though the trials were secret, he managed to get a pipe line into the barracks where the suspects were held and go to town on the story. Now, at the suggestion of Liberty's Canadian editor, he give the whole sensational account on page 13. Mr. Dingman has been a newspaperman all his life—first in western Canada, where he was born; in Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal (he's now news editor of the Montreal Herald), in London during the blitz, and in the United States during the Roosevelt-Willkie campaign of 1940.

NEXT WEEK

NEXT month's voting will be the most significant in years. Harold E. Stassen tells why, in this election, we *must* use our ballot, AMERICA'S REAL SECRET WEAPON.... Alyce Canfield introduces KING COTTEN (Joe) who, at forty-one, is a top quickener of the feminine pulse. . . . In WOMAN WITH A PAST, Allene Corliss gives daring treatment to a challenging question: Should a woman tell her husband of her past indiscretions? . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, MIRROR OF DELUSION by Mary Reisner, is the fascinating story of a violent nature that destroyed itself.

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

"VOTE for John Doe—I Am a Veteran." Slogans like that are going to be common from now on. For John Doe and thousands like him think they qualify for public office merely by advertising themselves as veterans.

But veterans who attempt to ride into office on their war records alone will be doing the entire veterans' cause a disservice. There is no doubt that the veteran angle is an important political asset, but more—very much more—is needed to fit a man for the serious job of holding public office.

Every voter must be permitted to decide for himself whether our war buddies have the proper qualifications for office. In the months and years immediately ahead, legislation affecting the veteran will be reaching a peak. And our cause can best be served by electing men of sound judgment—men capable of benefiting not only the veteran but the nation as a whole.

Guess it pays!

Check on the candidate's record. Find out what he stands for. If he's running for re-election to Congress, for instance, make it your business to look up his voting record. How did he stand on housing legislation, the terminal-leave bill, the OPA, etc.? In checking up on him in this way, you should be able to determine whether he's the fellow who deserves your vote. If he is a veteran, so much the better.

There's another vitally important angle to all this:

Every veteran must be sure to exercise his right to vote. And to do that, he must be registered. Right now the American Veterans Committee (AVC) is conducting a nationwide campaign to make "Every Veteran a Voter" and "An Army Armed with Ballots."

There are more than eight million veterans who have never voted before, or who have not voted during the past four years. They represent enough votes to swing a Presidential election and, with their families, enough to swing every election in every district in the country.

Here again the veterans must be on guard. For conniving political leaders and factions are well aware of our voting potential and are doing everything in their power to win veterans and influence elections. They play heavily on the veteran sympathy angle.

But don't let them fool you. As long as we are alert to such skulduggery, only veterans worthy of our vote are going to get in. The Athens, Tennessee, affair shows how serious the veterans of World War II and their supporters can be in their demand for fair play in politics.

* * *

Cpl. J. H., Fort Bragg, N. C. You can blow your horn all you like, corporal—but it won't help, because Army regulations definitely state that dependents of only the first three grades can be moved at government expense on every change of station dated November 1, 1945, or later. I guess it pays to be a staff sergeant.

* * *

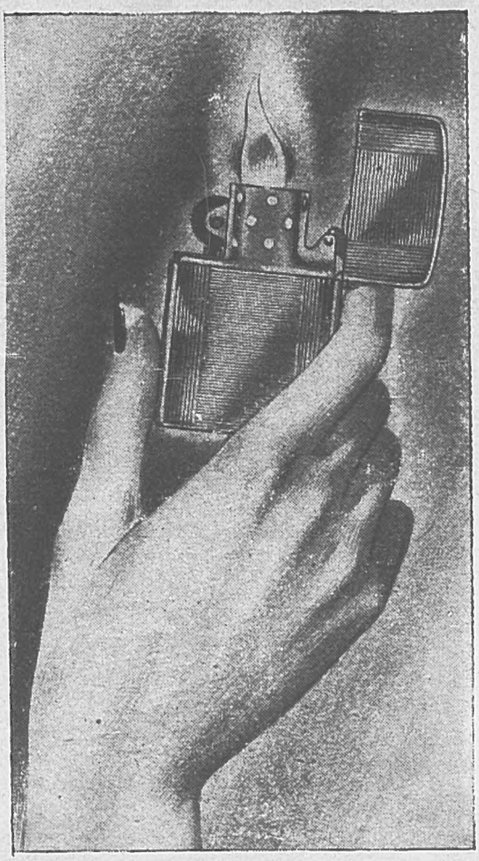
L. N., Hardy, Ark. The only advice I can give you is not to be too hasty in deciding to change your insurance to a lump-sum payment. Weigh the situation more carefully—for, after all, those monthly installments do have their favorable points.

* * *

Tim Evans, New York, N. Y. That's it, Tim. Stand up for your rights. You are correct in claiming subsistence under Public Law 346. Your pension should not interfere with your receiving this benefit.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

THE LIGHTER THAT MADE THE WORLD LIGHTER CONSCIOUS



Exquisitely engine turned 14K Gold $175; Sterling Silver $20; plus 20% federal tax.

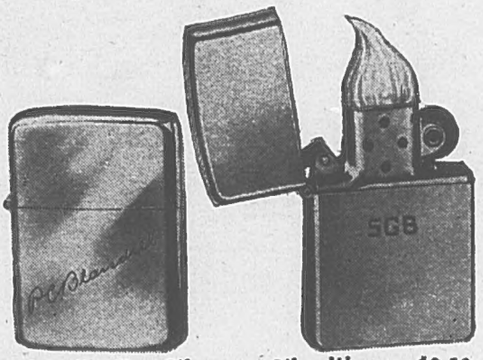
Now on Hand

New windproof-beauty and matchless performance . . . backed by a tradition of functional excellence and a time honored life-time guarantee.

In giving a ZIPPO of gold or silver, you will be remembered continually, long after other quality gifts are forgotten. Prewar prices. Order early from your dealer, as supply is not abundant.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., Dept. L, BRADFORD, PA.

Permanent wick, abundant fuel supply. Patented hinge-lock and assembly. "Sure spark" wheel. Life-time guaranteed, no one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO.



Plain Sterling Silver case $15; 14K Gold $165; plus 20% federal tax.

Silverlike case $2.50, initials or facsimile of any signature $1.00 extra.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

Use AC's For UTMOST RELIABILITY

Factory-recommended AC's, of correct Heat Range for today's fuels and driving speeds, help millions to be punctual. Have your plugs checked to be sure that you have the right plugs for today's driving and fuels.

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LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

SPARK PLUGS CLEANED AND ADJUSTED "BY THE AC METHOD" MAY SAVE AS MUCH GAS AS 1 GALLON IN 10

AC SPARK PLUGS

ON THE BEAM

Good news for the private flyer: Miami Aviation Center, planned as a model airport just for you, bids fair to turn out to be one

BY WAYNE PARRISH

A FEW weeks ago I dropped in on one of the most interesting private-flying projects in the country. It is the Miami Aviation Center and Country Club on Biscayne Boulevard and 123d Street, Miami, Florida, sponsored by two sincere men who are doing their level best to provide such facilities as private flyers the country over have prayed for.

The men are Richard E. Flynn and John F. Keefe, who started flying some years ago when they were in the sporting-goods business. They ran up against such indifference and such poor service at local airports that they decided to build a model airport just for private flyers—and without government aid.

It's cost them a lot of money, so far, but they have hopes of coming out on top financially. What they did was to develop a tract of waste land, build several runways, and lay out small plots for what they call "hangar houses," *i. e.*, homes with built-in hangar space for private planes. A canal borders the airport and another series of house lots was laid out for those who own boats.

In the plans for the immediate future are a combination auto and airplane gas station to be erected bordering the well-traveled U. S. Highway No. 1, a restaurant, country-club quarters, additional hangars, airplane display rooms, and other features. About thirty private planes are now parked on the field, but last winter the total soared to 150. Small individual hangars are now being built. At this writing the model airport is still in the development stage, but private flyers report they already get two things there which still are rarities around the country: courtesy and service.

It costs you just one dollar a night to park your airplane on the field and there are no landing fees or other day charges. Flynn and Keefe are dealers for Ercoupe and Beechcraft, and they want to display their planes in an attractive showroom. Several manufacturers have been interested in watching the project grow, and Standard Oil of Kentucky has helped build the big combination service station.

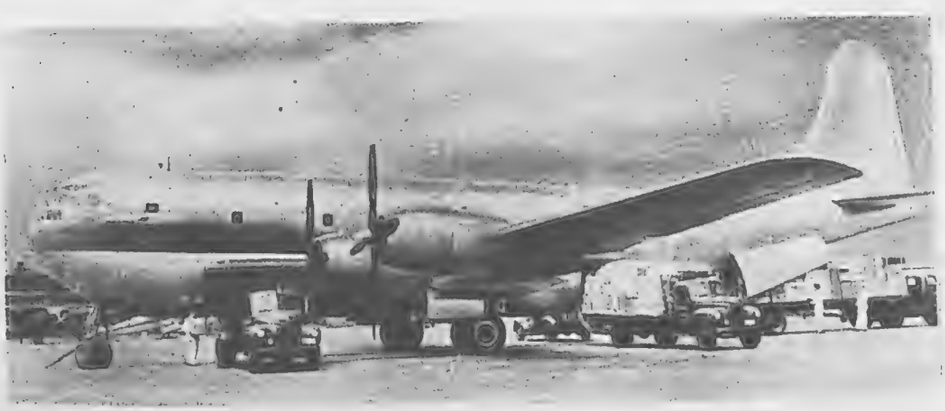
The Miami Aviation Center is a step in the right direction. This winter many plane owners will use it, avoiding the municipal airport which charges heavy landing fees.

Aviation's Housing Shortage

Never before has there been such a shortage of hangars as the present one. Millions of dollars' worth of airplanes are being kept out on fields in all kinds of weather because of lack of cover. During the summer, scores of private light planes were ripped from their moorings by windstorms and smashed or badly damaged.

Hangars are going up here and there, but in some instances there is a shortage of materials and in others red tape is holding up permission to build hangars on municipal airports. Outdoor storage benefits neither the small light plane nor the larger executive type.

Lee "Pat" Henry, who heads the extensive aviation sales department of Standard Oil of Indiana, told this writer recently of his dilemma. He maintains a fleet of transport airplanes for his company and has no place to park them during the winter. Chicago hasn't a single facility, even in the outer suburbs. Henry thinks he'll have to keep his planes down south, if he can find hangar space somewhere, and says a number of industrial concerns in Chicago owning large transport planes are in the same fix.



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Sentinel Radio

DINAH SHORE
Columbia Recording Artist, featured in the Walt Disney Production, "Make Mine Music."

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

How Soviet Spies Operate

RUSSIA
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its own borders.
turbing single aspect
covered in Canada is th
sians are able to obtain eve
agents who, despite citizenship an
oaths of allegiance and secrecy, are
willing to betray their own countries
without direct reward.

Almost never for money. The only payment they asked was the ideological reward. They wanted to serve. And the Russians so well understood this ideology, so well developed it, that they were able to be as exclusive and choosy in selecting their agents as if they had been employing and paying $50,000-a-year men.

It was a young cipher clerk in the Russian Embassy in Ottawa, himself a trained espionage agent, who revealed the existence in Canada of this widespread conspiracy to obtain secret official information. His name is Igor Gouzenko. Branded as a Red traitor, he lives under police protection, in constant danger of his life. It was he who stole the documents and coded cables from the embassy which established the extent of this

(*Continued on page 48*)

As sinister as any Hitchcock movie set is this Ottawa house, headquarters of Tass, Soviet news agency. The big question: Does its recently expanded staff gather news or military secrets?

Five Minutes of Babies

When Ed Carl, press agent for Intercontinent, came up with this idea, even jaded city editors trembled

BY CHARLES ELLSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

THE smoking tar wagon, the steam roller, and the trucks loaded with black-top slag clattered to a halt in front of the otherwise quiet home of Ed Carl, publicity director for the far-flung Intercontinent Corporation. The road crew began to remove large sections of Ed's wrought-iron fence, preliminary to an invasion of his lawn and flower beds. Ed had been taking his ease on the porch, but he went into action with a terrible roar that threatened the loose slates on the roof of his Victorian mansion.

Newspaper flailing, his plump figure aquiver with anger, Ed Carl made it plain that a streamlined asphalt driveway would be a most unwelcome addition to the property. In fact, he forbade any such antics at the top of his voice.

The contractor's men, who had retreated to the sidewalk before Ed's wrath, made it equally plain that a nice new asphalt driveway was just what they had been ordered to install. By whom? Ed bellowed. By the chairman of Intercontinent himself, the foreman bellowed right back.

This gave Ed pause, but only for a moment. A man's home is his castle, he roared, and three minutes later had the chairman on the phone. Three days later he had been transferred to a town some hundreds of miles away, where one of Intercontinent's war plants was having trouble converting itself to the manufacture of prefabricated houses. It was discouraging, but Ed tried to take a philosophic view of the matter. This involved a wire to his assistant, Mary Margaret, who was on her first real vacation since V-J Day and had hoped never to see another war plant as long as she lived.

Mary Margaret read the telegram with dismay until she came to the part about prefabricated houses, which sent her to the air-line ticket office. Early the next morning she made a brisk tour of the new plant and found it dismal. There was no assurance in the familiar *brat-t-t* and *pok-pok-pok* of the riveting guns, or the whine of the saws, or the gusty *ah-chung, ah-chung* of the spot-welding machines. Even the wolf whistles lacked enthusiasm.

Ed's assistant tucked a stray red curl into her upsweep and cocked her tiny black hat to a more fetching angle. The whistles were still listless. Since it was unlikely that, at twenty-three, she could possibly be losing her grip, Mary Margaret grimaced, drew her own conclusions, and trotted off to welcome her boss.

"Have you forgotten about those babies?" Ed fumed. "The later it gets the faster they come."

She found him in the midst of his usual troubles with plant guards at the gate. "It's all right, sergeant; that's Mr. Carl," she called to the burly watchman. "If you say so, Mary Margaret," the officer grinned, touching his cap and waving Ed past. "Fine thing!" snorted that ruffled little individual. "Hello there," he brightened as he greeted Mary Margaret, then relapsed into gloom again.

"I located your office and got two new chairs for it," his assistant soothed. "Don't look at me like that! How do I know where the maintenance man found them? He got me a desk, too. And a tin box for those chocolate-coated peanut clusters of yours. The top drawer where you keep them has mice in it."

ED CARL changed the subject hastily. "Guess I'd better show you around the—"

"I've already been through the plant," she told him sweetly. Ed mopped a forehead that had extended itself well up into his thinning light hair and followed her into the office. There he slumped into the chair behind his desk, tipped it back, and stared at her owlishly.

"I'll never go away again," Mary Margaret sighed. "When I left, you were a fixture on Mahogany Row. Three days later—bing! bing!—you've been sent to Siberia! What happened?"

"It's a little hard to explain," Ed reached for the peanut clusters. "Nice of you to interrupt your vacation—"

"Come on. Wha-a-a-t ha-a-a-ppened?"

He told her about the slag trucks, the tar wagon, and the steam roller. "You know how bighearted the chairman is," Ed finished apologetically. "He just wanted to give me a driveway—to show his personal approval of that last job we did."

"But I think that was sweet of him!" Mary Margaret cooed. "You weren't pleased?"

Her boss shook his head. "The house isn't mine!"

"Isn't yours? But I thought—."

"I know you did. Mrs. Carl and I have encouraged that idea. We've had sixteen transfers in our ten years with the company, you know."

Mary Margaret blinked at him. "I still don't see—"

"A big house on your hands," her boss explained sheepishly, "is one way of staying put in a Home Office job. The chairman has great respect for property."

"Then why didn't you buy the place?"

Ed shook his head again. "The owner is holding it for an apartment site. He offered it to us for the maintenance, though. Provided—"

His assistant looked up expectantly. "What's the catch?"

"We were to keep it just as it was when his mother lived in it."

"A wonderful deal," Mary Margaret grinned, "until that road crew arrived. How'd you keep them away from those flower beds?"

"Phoned the chairman that I was getting out at a profit. It was the only thing I could think of."

"But there went your Home Office anchor!"

Her boss nodded. "I sent the family to the farm and this is what I drew."

"And what's the problem here?"

"No production to speak of. I don't know why, yet. Wish you'd look around and—"

Mary Margaret stood up briskly. "It's lucky I've got a brother-in-law on this job and a sister smart enough to find a house. Otherwise," she finished cheerfully, "I couldn't come down here and bail you out!"

"Take all the time you want," her boss beamed. "We can compare notes later."

IT was midafternoon before she returned. Ed Carl tipped his chair back and waited while Mary Margaret slipped out of the jacket of her tailored suit, hung it neatly on a hanger, and adjusted the cuffs of her striped gray blouse. "What's so tough about prefabricated houses?" she asked. "Confidentially, I've got a flyer who might buy me one if—"

"Give," her boss ordered sternly.

"Oh, that?" Mary Margaret chirped. "It's wonderful what you hear in rest rooms and coffee sessions. For instance—"

"For instance—what?"

"For instance, the war workers went home after V-J Day and haven't come back."

Ed nodded. "Find out why?"

"Sure. They haven't any idea what this plant is building."

"Prefabricated houses," her boss snapped.

"Like what?" his assistant gestured. "I can't find anything but blueprints."

"Like the pilot models in the Exhibition Hall back at the Home Of-

(*Continued on page 60*)

Smartly styled glasses do not detract from the blonde's loveliness, but the wrong glasses make even Maureen O'Hara look stiffly prim.

Glasses for Beauty

FRAME DESIGNED BY CLAIRMONT NICHOLS CO.

Girls who wear glasses now have nothing to fear *except* passes. The new spectacles are designed to be seen as well as to see

BY BETTY ETTER

ONE afternoon last spring a well-dressed woman carrying three large hatboxes squeezed through the door of a smart New York optical shop. Seating herself at one of the tables provided for customers, she announced that she had come for her summer glasses. While the fitter hurried back and forth with trays of samples, she undid the boxes and proceeded to match up the frames with her hats and with swatches of dress material. Three hours and one headache—the fitter's —later, she struggled out the door, leaving behind her an order for twelve pairs ranging from scarlet plastic sun glasses (for wear with a white bathing suit) to black plastic studded with jet (for evening).

Even as recently as five years ago, most people took the news that they needed glasses as a minor personal tragedy. They trudged unhappily to the optician's, and usually came out with "rimless" jobs, trying to believe them practically invisible.

Along about 1941, however, there was an abrupt about-face, aided by the growing popularity of sun glasses and the flaunting of colored glasses by "incognito" celebrities. The trend has grown until nowadays glasses have not only gone high-style; they're *in* style. Girls who, a few years back, would rather have been caught with their lipstick off than with their glasses on are currently appearing in red plastic-rimmed spectacles which couldn't be missed at fifty paces.

Young Miss Smith wants something neat but gaudy for business wear? Here are simple jade-green plastic frames, smart with her black suit. She may have them in light or heavy weight and in any of dozens of shapes for $10 or $12, exclusive of the lenses. (The price of the latter, naturally, depends on her prescription.) Or there are frames of scarlet, blue, purple, black, dead white, and opal pink, London gray, and goldenrod. All of them are available in plastic. Many colors come in lucite, too, for about $15.

If Mrs. Mason is worried because red, while a knockout with her new Indian-lamb coat, would not be so good with her burgundy suit, interchangeable frames at $10 each may solve her problem. These were put on the market just before the war with the idea that one set of frames would serve for both regular lenses and sun glasses. Now they are being bought for just the opposite reason: one set of lenses can be used in any number of frames.

For more formal wear you may choose carved transparent lucite, lucite set with rhinestones ($40 to $65), and the jet-studded black plastic frames mentioned previously.

Then there are diamond-studded frames such as Joan Bennett wears for evening; or solid gold frames which will set their owner back around $500, plus tax. Men go for these in a big way. Women are usually content with the gold-plated variety, which cost just half as much.

And there are plenty of novelty frames: wooden ones set with tiny tinkling bells, frames set solid with sea shells or decorated with hand-painted flowers. The vogue for mother-and-daughter fashions has made identical frames available in both grown-up and moppet sizes.

With such variety, it is little wonder that the average "fitting" now takes triple the time it needed formerly. Surprisingly, men take as long as women to choose their frames, even though they are much more conservative in their choices.

There are fashion advisers in the business, too, currently busy with frame manufacturers who are trying to foresee what colors will be good next summer, whether plastic or lucite will be in greater demand, and if the trend for rhinestone-and jet-studded frames will continue.

And the oculists are happy. If men and women, they say, can be made to wear the glasses they need by putting the lenses into trick frames —then give them what they want.

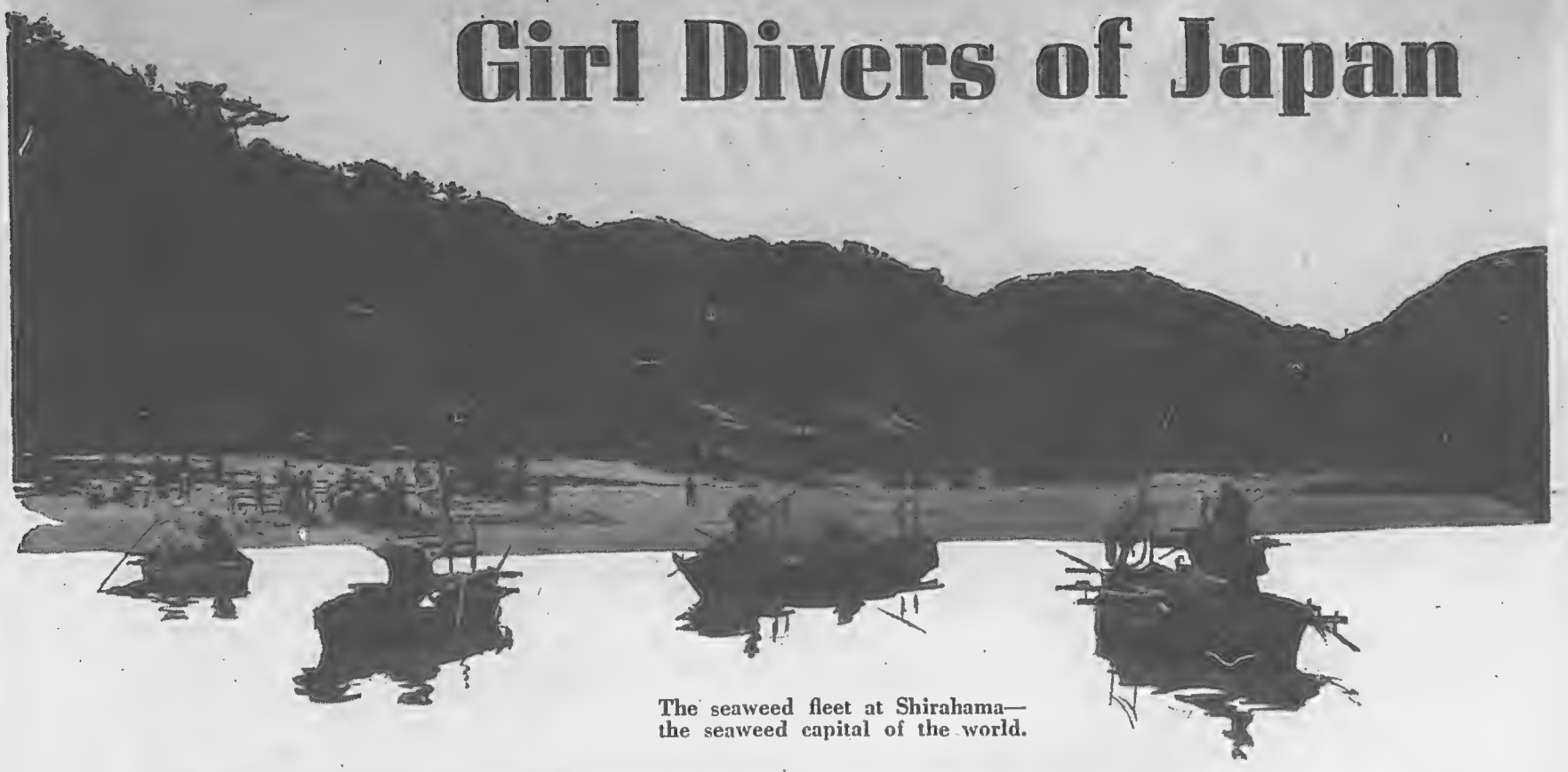
That "accessory" glasses are here to stay is taken for granted everywhere in the industry. After all, elaborate and decorative spectacles are as old as glasses themselves. Real tortoise-shell rims with a hand-carved nosepiece were high fashion in China some 250 years ago. Ladies of the French court carried gorgeous lorgnettes with exquisitely carved silver arms, or tiny spyglasses set into the handles of their fans. In 1918 there was a flurry in diamond-studded frames—a fashion which died out because it failed to carry over to the popular-price brackets. They are not making that mistake today.

Dorothy Parker had best put on her spectacles and revise her famous couplet to something like this:

Girls who wear glasses
See men making passes.

THE END

Girl Divers of Japan



The seaweed fleet at Shirahama—the seaweed capital of the world.

Nippon's amazing sea women dive unprotected as much as seventy feet for a product which will help keep American women almost as slim as they are

BY VICTOR BOESEN

Tokyo.

WHILE Shohei slowly maneuvered the boat with a long stern oar, his wife, Mrs. Tome Fujii, hung hairpinned over the side, face close to the water, searching the shadowy ocean floor thirty feet below. She made a slow labored sound, half whistle, half sibilance, slipped over the side headfirst and disappeared. As she went over, her only garment, a white wrap-around skirt, clung to her body from the dampness of previous immersions, outlining a sylphlike waist and narrow hips.

Shohei stayed imperturbably at his post. After a while—an interminable time, it seemed—he took hold of one of the two lines that had followed his wife down. He let it hang loosely in his hands. Time passed. Then, suddenly, he gripped the line hard and urgently began hauling it in.

Just short of one minute after she went down, his wife broke surface. Again making that strange whistling sound as she handed her mate a net bag filled with glistening seaweed, she climbed back into the boat and the pair headed for shore.

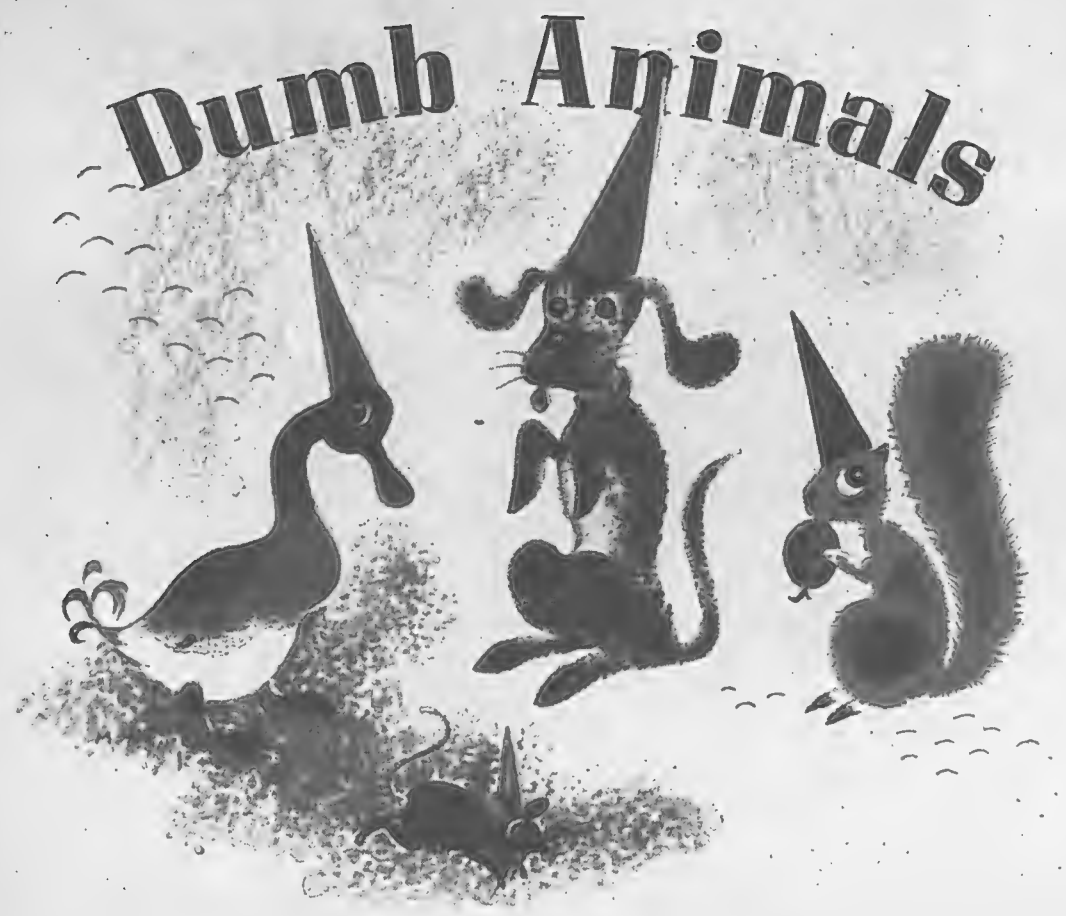
At the beach Shohei drove the boat onto the sand. A beaching crew attached a line to it and noisily began inching it away from the water with the help of a small winch turned by boys.

The day's work was little more than half finished, but Mrs. Fujii lingered over the charcoal fire kept in the boat to warm her after each dive, while she answered the questions of the foreigner. The questions seemed to amuse her. Afterward she carried the day's harvest of seaweed to where a mountain stream emptied into the ocean. There she washed the

(*Continued on page 66*)

(Left) Mrs. Fujii starts a thirty-foot dive for agar-agar seaweed. (Right) The weed is spread to dry before processing.

Dumb Animals



A student says they're dumber than they have any right to be

BY E. C. K. READ

MAYBE you remember that pooch over in Brooklyn some months ago who spent three days looking down a sewer entrance. This was interpreted as another example of canine fidelity, intelligence, devotion to ideals, etc.

Dogs have been loitering around exits and entrances for centuries now, usually sweating out the improbable return of some friend. This sewer performance was, of course, viewed in the same light. It was assumed right away that the hole had a deep meaning for Rover, and that Rover was generally exhibiting a high I.Q. I claim that he was just ignorant enough to *enjoy* watching a totally useless hole for seventy-two hours, while other hounds made free with the bones in the neighborhood.

I think we have had enough of this talk about smart animals. It's mathematical horses in Germany, talking birds in Indiana, performing mice at Columbia University, until I'm nearly blue in the face.

I am not, in short, prepared to stand for any of this guff about animals taking part in rational affairs. Most of them are not only dumb, but dumber than they have any right to be. Of the two or three dozen known to me intimately, at least 90 per cent are damn fools.

Some things are excusable, of course. When a dachshund I had chewed through a lamp cord and suffered the early symptoms of electrocution, he had no way of casing the situation in advance. Nor could I find fault with a couple of birds who built a nest in our idle water wheel and were thrown for a loss when the summer rains came. They were working in a strange medium, after all.

But take a squirrel I knew. He lived between the roof and the ceiling of the sleeping porch, entering by way of a small hole under the eaves. Besides the pitter-patter of little feet, there was a light but maddening rattle which began at five in the morning and went on most of the day. After weeks of this, I made a routine check from an adjoining roof.

The squirrel had an outsize walnut which he was trying to haul indoors. His theory was to go in the hole himself, reach out for the walnut, and try to introduce it into the hole. The consequent rattling was kept up in the hope of reducing the size of the walnut or enlarging the hole. Any squirrel that had got past third grade would have had the answer in four words: *"Try a smaller nut."*

We have also the case of the sex-crazed Airedale. It was spring, and the usual mass disappearance of male dogs was reaching its peak. Andy (the Airedale) was among those who did not answer roll call. No word was had from the ill-starred dog for more than a week, and we at last grew anxious. I was, in fact, seriously pondering his fate on the afternoon that he finally got in touch with us.

It began with a faint barking from the direction of the orchard. Yet, when you stood *in* the orchard, the barking became diffuse, generalized, and directionless. The dog sounded as if he were there, and then he sounded as if he were here. The eerie truth of the matter was that no dog could be seen for miles around.

Then, where it lay discarded at my feet, there loomed an old rust-ridden manhole cover, the focal point of that weird barking. In short order the light of day fell upon man's best friend, ten feet below sea level and paddling around in a mess of detritus the like of which has seldom graced a country cesspool. Man's best friend, I said—the loyal companion, the great lover, the creature of reason, the devotee of Pavlov, the virtuoso of brave and intelligent feats—treading water with the lady of his choice in two fathoms of garbage.

How he got in there is no concern of mine, but if that is the way a sensible animal carries on a courtship, the first trained seal who applies can have my seat at the Sorbonne.

LET us speak of the wild duck. The wild duck has a reputable name in hunting circles: (*a*) it is wary, (*b*) it will not fall for any decoy less distinguished than the Abercrombie & Fitch two-dollar model (*c*) it goes north in the summer and south in the winter, (*d*) it does not lose its way going in either direction, (*e*) it was flying in formation long before the Eighth Air Force, and (*f*) it minds its own business. But wait till you hear:

I chanced to rest at the edge of a medium-sized pond that was about half frozen with clear ice. Three ducks appeared, and after some arrogant honking about visibility, length of runways, and lunch facilities, decided to clear for a landing at my pond. Here, I thought, are birds who know their stuff. This will be a neat job of slipping into a cramped seaway.

These veteran outdoor ducks then lined up in single file, and placidly overlooking the available water, roared into a spectacular three-way pratt-fall on the ice. All three pounded to such a shattering halt that I thought there was nothing for me to do but go over and pour on the *sauce meunière.*

Now, there's a smart bunch of birds for you! Years of winter flying and they can't tell water from ice! It's just silly. And until this sort of thing gets straightened out, I would suggest keeping educated animals out of spelling bees and the like. For every one of them that can get four out of two and two, or play The Rosary on a harmonica, or trot up the walk with your evening paper, there are a couple of hundred who will take a five for two tens every time.

THE END

They Whistle While They Work

How 200 war veterans set up an all-G. I. factory to create what both they and their buddies need most—homes and jobs

BY STACY V. JONES

A CHEERFUL clatter comes these days from a corner of the government's enormous, and otherwise silent, bomber plant at Marietta, Georgia. The noise is being made by 200 veterans building themselves lifetime jobs.

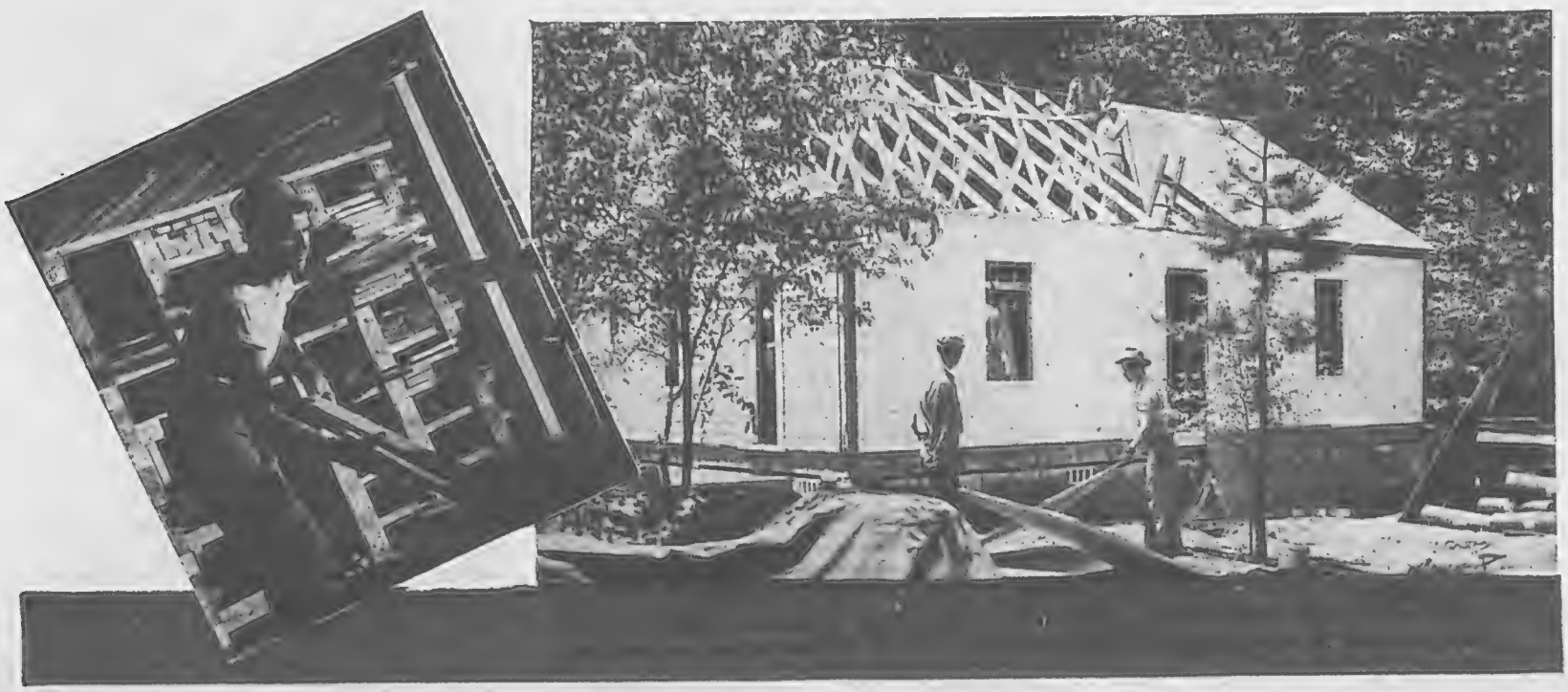
They are sawing, hammering and banging away at prefabricated houses. They have their own manufacturing company, with nearly $300,000 in capital, mostly contributed by themselves. They also have what looks like a sellers' market ahead for the next five years. By that time they expect to be so well established that their company will be on a permanent footing. No wonder they whistle while they work.

It's an all-G.I. enterprise. The company, U. S. Homes, Inc., is owned entirely by veterans, employs only veterans, and sells its prefabricated homes only to veterans. Indeed, the employees and stockholders are the same persons. There has never been anything quite like U. S. Homes, Inc. The Atlanta corporation lawyer and the government officials who helped set it up had no precedent to follow. It had to be a little complicated to fit the regulations.

Before the company was incorporated, 100 veterans paid in $1,000 apiece in cash, and signed applications for veterans' loans of $1,750 each. Upon incorporation, each received preferred stock of $1,000 par value, four shares of common (voting) stock, and a debenture representing the $1,750. Each man then pledged his debenture and his common stock with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to secure the loan. In effect, the company itself, which assumed the debt, is borrowing the money, and the RFC deals with a single borrower instead of 100.

The surprising thing was that so many veterans had money. Almost without exception, the $1,000 that each put in was war bond money set aside out of service pay for just such an opportunity as this. The G.I. stock sales went so well that the

(*Continued on page 53*)



Only a man of firm purpose would use such daring, shocking, and unthinkable tactics to win a woman

The Master Stroke

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

THERE is a lamentable tendency today to rationalize everything. We live in a world where imagination is as sterile as the cellophane that wraps our goods, and nearly all men have forgotten the importance of the bold stroke. This is the story of a man who did not forget, and whose strategical simplicity was awe-inspiring. To make the story perfect, there was dreadful violence wrapped up in it, but romance was the main ingredient.

Love did it, my lords and ladies, so attend!

In Mexico there are two towns, Guanajuato and Dolores Hidalgo. They are both in the mountains and are connected by a road which is the ultimate in terrifying roads. It winds with precipitous danger over the beautiful peaks, and it is only one lane wide. Even this one lane is crumbling at the outer edges, where erosion has gnawed at it. That is why the short journey between the towns requires four hours, although it is only thirty miles in length. No one knows how many have perished on the way, because the drops are so sheer that the unlucky ones are often lost permanently in the green hazes below.

But in spite of the fearsome terrain, a bus line is operated over the road. The personnel consists of Jorge and Pablo, the drivers, Manuel, the ticket agent, and two battered pink buses which were condemned in Mexico City many years ago. Besides these apparent things, there is Ruiz, who fuels and cares for the buses when he is awake (which is almost never), and a Señor Zavala, who owns the company but is far too intelligent to ride with it.

The schedules are irregular because the buses do not move until they are full. Since the inhabitants of both towns are aware of the treacherous roadway, this sometimes takes most of the day. When a bus is full, at either end of the line, Manuel phones and tells it to leave. Great care is taken that the two buses do not depart at the same time, because there are only two places in the entire thirty miles where they can pass each other. Allowance for this is always made by Manuel.

The two drivers had something in common besides their suicidal occupation. They were both in love with Guadalupe Alatorre, a swan-necked and divinely shaped señorita who lived in Guanajuato. Her father ran a *cantina* there and eyed the courtship of the drivers with a jaundiced air.

By the nature of their work, each of the lovelorn men was in Guanajuato every other night, and they worked feverishly to capitalize on the hours spent near Guadalupe.

It was not a fair rivalry. Jorge was lithe and handsome; his hair had as many waves in it as the dangerous road. In addition, he could speak a little *inglesa*, was a dancer of wide repute, and played beisbol with lung-bursting efficiency. Pablo, on the other hand, was short and built like a fireplug. His head was square and his hair was a scruff, with no more wave to it than a scrubbing brush. He could not tease love songs out of a mandolin, his attempts at beisbol were ludicrous, and he had a weak knee which made his dancing look like something done on a pogo stick.

THE difference was so marked that the watching *señoras* of the two towns considered Jorge a shoo-in. It was, to their practiced eyes, simply a matter of time. Was not Jorge able to chat with the *turistas*? Could Pablo write his own name? Pablo knew that he was being viewed in an unfavorable light, and he attempted to offset the disparity by sheer exuberance. One night he went to the *casa* of Guadalupe and fired his pistol repeatedly under her window. He was somewhat gone in tequila, and as the police dragged him away he gravely explained that he could neither sing nor play the mandolin.

A courtier, he went on, must serenade, in whatever fashion.

All the next day the *señoras* came clucking into Manuel's office, arranging their black mantillas with indignation. Manuel, a quiet youth who was attending night *escuela* so that he could run the business more efficiently, could only shake his head in agreement.

It finally occurred to the dense Pablo that his only field for contention was as a driver. His big hands were deft enough with the ramshackle bus, and he began dropping veiled hints in the *cantina*. This whispering campaign goaded Jorge to a fiery rebuttal on the following night, before the same crowd.

Quite naturally, speed came to be the objective. Pablo would drive in with his radiator pluming steam, and announce his time for the day's trip. On the other end of the route, Jorge would be doing the same thing, and the worried Manuel had to caution both drivers. But to no avail. The pink buses went whizzing around the hairpin turns at an incredible speed, and the terrified passengers stared hopelessly at the medallions of the Virgin which were over each dashboard. Some of them even prayed aloud as the grim drivers went catapulting along the high and narrow way.

Mexican buses, fully loaded, are among the more vivid sights of our time. They are completely crammed with sitting and standing people, vegetables, chickens, and other assorted livestock. But a pink Mexican bus, condemned for eight years as unsafe, laden with the same bulging cargo and skidding wildly over the most dangerous road in North America is a sight beyond compare.

As they continued their hair-raising feud, the two drivers learned certain tricks. Jorge made all his passengers lean toward the inside of the turns, and they did it with a will.

Pablo scorned the leaning method. He would simply go through the bus and wave all the fat ladies onto the same side.

The *aficionados* who watched the duel being played claimed that Pablo's method was extremely dangerous, especially when the side loaded with fat ladies was hanging in the air, on the outside of the turns. But Pablo sneered at such criticism as coming from cravens; he merely scraped against the jagged inside wall and kept his foot jammed down on the floorboard.

THEY say it was the loudest explosion ever heard in that province. The two pink buses met in the exact center of the road, and neither driver slackened speed. People at both ends of the route claim to have heard the sound of impact, but this is doubtful.

At any rate, both vehicles plunged

A pink Mexican bus, condemned as unsafe, laden and skidding wildly over the dangerous road is a sight beyond compare.

over into the green abyss with their motors still roaring.

The bells in both towns tolled for several hours, and more than a hundred persons were thought to have perished. When the search party reached the bottom of the gorge, however, it was found that both buses were empty except for the drivers. This was a very strange circumstance, and the people of both towns meditated on it gravely for a few days.

In the press of a bitter political battle, the tragedy was soon forgotten. Señor Zavala ordered two new buses (of an even brighter pink), and they now purr sedately over the road. Sometimes the drivers even stop and walk around the most dangerous turns before advancing.

The fair Guadalupe? Not entirely desolate. She and Manuel have four children and a large *casa* with two patios. You see, it was the careful Manuel who dispatched the two empty buses at exactly the same time on that fateful day. He phoned the drivers and told each that Guadalupe was waiting to ride over the road to the opposite town. With that one sublimely simple gesture he removed both rivals, scrapped his obsolete equipment, and gained unchallenged access to the *señorita's* ear.

It was an admirable stroke of timing, and Manuel is now a man of affluence, given to the wearing of striped silk shirts and being seriously considered for the Senate.

THE END

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

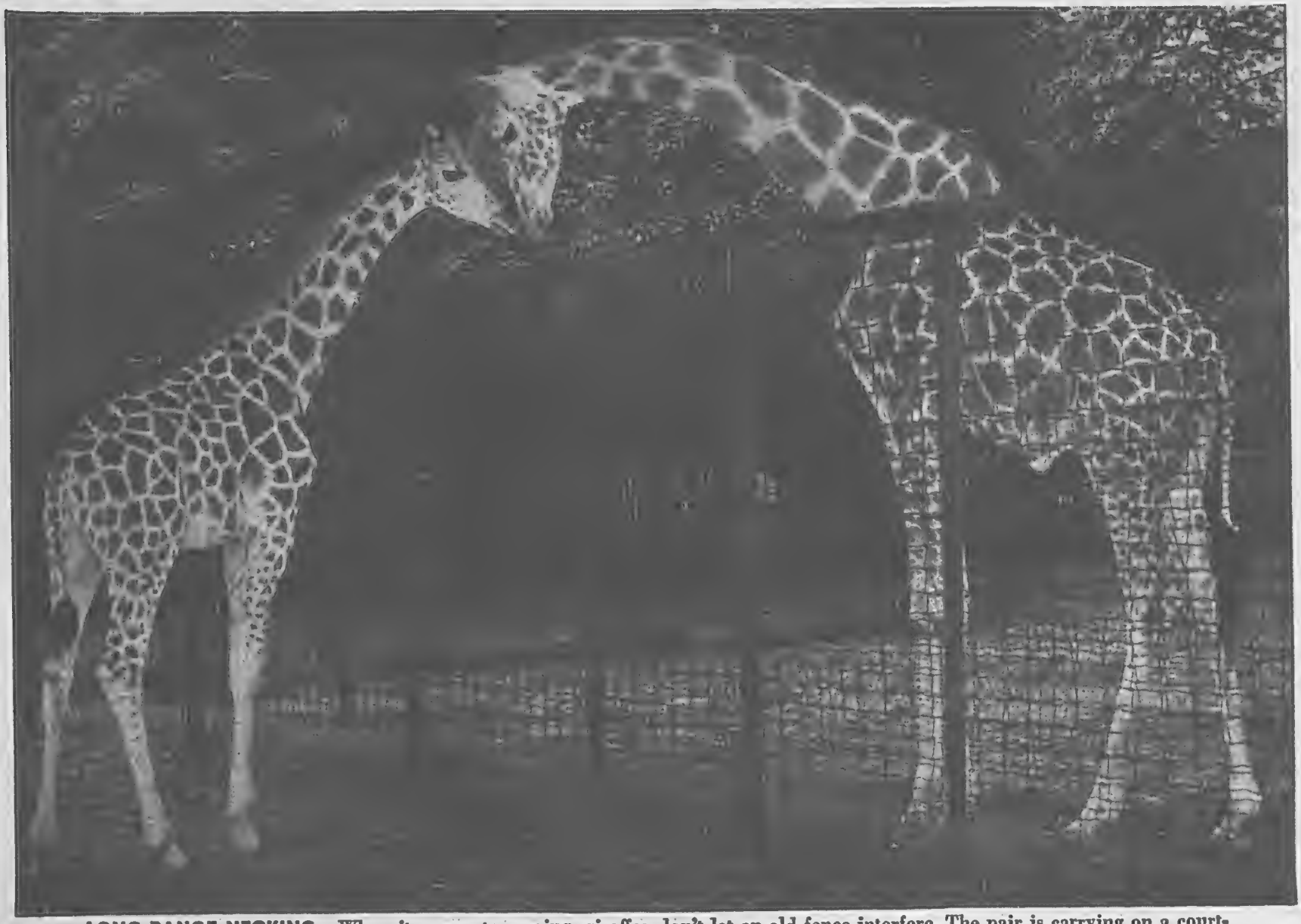
PRIME MOVER—This twisting placid-looking stream is a glacier in action. Ages ago tremendous rivers of ice like it moved across the entire surface of the earth. Today the best ones are found near the Arctic Circle. This one is about 450 miles from the North Pole.
INTERNATIONAL

BOULEVARDIER—Maurice Chevalier still flashes his famous smile. Once considered Vichyite during the war, he has since been exonerated.
PHOTO HACKET

HOLD TIGHT—Ever try holding a cigarette this way? Mr. Molotov isn't being radical. It's a European custom.
PRESS ASSOCIATION

AT EASE—Tanis Chandler, a model, can look as charming off duty as when posing.
FPG

RUMBA—They don't do it like this at the Stork Club. The strenuous antics of this couple are part of the genuine exhibition dance as performed on a Cuban plantation.
EARL LEAF—PAUL GUILLUMETTE, INC.



LONG-RANGE NECKING—When it comes to wooing, giraffes don't let an old fence interfere. The pair is carrying on a courtship at the Bronx Zoo. Jack (right) is 15 feet tall, 17 years old, a cradle snatcher; his shorter mate is a mere tot of three.
INTERNATIONAL

BY KEN JONES

When you hear that whistle round the bend, chances are Nils Nord made it. His whistles are on practically all crack trains, luxury liners, and warships

CHAMPION noisemaker of the world—top tooter of all time—is Nils F. Nord. Whenever and wherever any American warship blows an imperious whistle, Nils Nord is responsible for the big toot. Likewise for those blown by every first-class passenger liner in the world, every high-speed American train, and nearly all American cargo ships.

The tone of all Nord's whistles of any given type is the same, the world around. You can sit down at a piano and make a noise of exactly the same tone as the Queen Mary's whistle—provided your piano is tuned to international pitch. For the next to the last A on the bass end of its keyboard will be identical in pitch with the heaviest passenger-liner whistles.

Aboard its battleships and first-line plane carriers, the U. S. Navy uses two whistles of different types blown simultaneously. One is the big A whistle used by the liners. It weighs a ton, has a horn seven feet long, and projects a column of air that would bowl over any sailor silly enough to get in the way. The other whistle is smaller. Its note is C, and the A and C sounded together produce a roar of "Get the hell out of the way!"

Cruisers, transports, and seaplane tenders use the second of these two whistles alone—as do all Victory and C-type ships and most standard freighters carrying the American flag. Destroyers' whistles musical tone is G. But they still stay on the

Whistle-maker Nils Nord

bass side with twenty-five-inch horns. Submarines use whistles with a lower note, D.

Twenty years or more ago, Dr. Herge Rydberg, professor of physics at a Swedish university, designed the modern ship's whistle. Nils Nord, then designing ships in his native city of Malmö, Sweden, heard Rydberg's first toot and said to himself, "That's for me!"

Acquiring the necessary patent rights and a hand-operated demonstrator, he made a beeline for Washington. Since then he's tooted himself to fame and fortune.

As might be expected, the Navy took some convincing before they went overboard for Nord's *"tyfon,"* which is Swedish for "typhoon" or "big blow." At Annapolis, after three weeks of uninterrupted test-blowing, his whistles weren't worn out but the Navy was. The test was called off and contracts signed.

Not long after lining up the Navy, Lighthouse Service, and other big users of whistles, Nord effected a working agreement with the Leslie Company of Lyndhurst, New Jersey. This business marriage was virtually forced by Congress when it enacted legislation requiring that all materials used in government service must be of domestic origin and manufacture whenever possible. Originally Nord had sold whistles built in Sweden and imported.

UNTIL Nils Nord started tooting, steamship whistles were the old pipe-organ variety, with the sound, if any, a surprise to everybody. The *"Tyfon"* undoubtedly has been responsible for saving many lives at sea. The importance of reliable whistles was given sharp focus during the war. Radio silence and blacked-out ships, plus the fact that bells cannot conveniently transmit Morse code, meant that ships in convoy often had to fall back on their whistles for emergency communication with one another at night.

Nord and his Leslie associates have taken whistles to every corner of the country for testing, and their considered conclusion is that you just can't ever tell about whistles. *"Tyfons"* on shore have been heard thirty-five miles at sea. On the other hand, the testers have had the experience of a blast heard perfectly at three miles, being inaudible at two. Under normal atmospheric conditions the sound should be distinctly audible at five to ten miles. But windy, foggy, or wet weather can depress the sound waves.

Nord's work in train whistles (they use the same ones submarines use) has standardized those of high-speed, named trains as to pitch. The freight-whistle situation is still up in the air.

Whistles with special tones designed to cut through the racket of heavy machinery are used in the Leslie plant for signaling purposes or to call key personnel to the phone. And John Leslie, grandson of the founder, has put an air compressor on his Ford roadster and mounted a *"Tyfon"* under the hood. If any ex-sailor hears a cruiser of the St. Louis class coming toward him on the roads of Jersey, it'll only be John Leslie on his way home.

At the moment the whistle business is brisk. Orders are coming in steadily for special whistles with tones that can be heard above the noises of industrial plants. Under Mr. Nord's supervision, the Leslie people are building whistles for twenty-one ships under construction in this country and Canada for the Brazilian government. He expects his ten thousandth seagoing toot to roll off the line before snow flies.

THE END

Anything for a Laugh

It's a joke, son, when it's not on you

BY ROBERT T. FURMAN, JR.

For fastidious guests, black lather soap.

For cigar addicts, an erupting stogie.

NERO WOLFE, Rex Stout's famous detective, has recently solved a murder in which the victim, a partner in a practical-joker goods concern, was killed by a trick exploding cigar.

Mr. Stout couldn't have been more timely in his selection of the joker business as a setting for crime. Right now the prefabricated practical joke is rampant. Thousands are being bought and perpetrated every day. Sooner or later the poor suffering souls who are the butt of all this belly laughter are going to turn more than the other cheek. Then there'll be real murder, or at least justifiable homicide.

In fact, the Kinematograph, a forty-year-old item which hoses your eye when you try to look at a picture inside, was once prohibited by law in Mexico because it was the cause of so many murders. It may well be this device which will touch off the first American "joker killing."

Or this one: It's a beautiful Sunday morning. A golfer tees up his ball and swings. Instead of sailing toward the green, the ball explodes. This is the "Goofy Golf Ball," price thirty-five cents; explodes if you try to drive it, wobbles like a payday drunk if you putt with it. One hundred thousand will probably be sold this year.

Have a stick of gum. It tastes fine at first. But in a minute or so the chewer's mouth feels as thought he'd taken a spoonful of straight cayenne pepper. You've fallen for "Hot Gum," fifteen cents a package. They expect to sell 750,000 packs this year.

And that's just the beginning. They've got a million of these cute little items. What would you like to do to your friends—make 'em sneeze, wet 'em down, or black their eyes? Just buy the proper gadget in any one of some 3,000 stores all over the country.

PHOTOS BY INTERNATIONAL

For the jittery, a dozen jack-in-the-boxes.

There was a boom in "jokers" after World War I, and the 1946 spurt will probably send the sales curve right off the chart. It is estimated that our store-made funny men will spend at least $5,000,000 to embarrass their friends—for a laugh.

For inspiration, you have only to walk into a joker shop and look at the identification tabs on the stock drawers. You'll find hundreds of stimulating labels, such as Imitation Roaches and Bed Bugs (to put in your wife's coffee), Stick-um Bell Buttons (push this and a pin pricks your finger), Trick Soap (makes your hands dirty). Bathroom humor figures prominently in the joker market. The impudent "Poo-pa Cushion," and the evidence of a poorly housebroken pup are particularly popular items. For a minor amount of cash, anyone can walk out with a pocketful of embarrassing moments.

Half a dozen substantial firms vie with one another in thinking up such salable items. Here's the case history of the Hot Seat, invented by Jack Spiegler, president of Joker Novelties—a firm which expects to do $250,000 worth of business this year. The idea for the Hot Seat came to Jack when he called for his girl in a beauty shop and saw their machineless permanent equipment. The hair is wrapped around cloth-covered pads which contain a heat-producing chemical. When they are dampened, sufficient heat is generated to set the wave. Jack tamed the pad a bit (it was too hot even for practical jokers), and put it on the market as a fifteen-cent item. You place the dampened pad on an about-to-be-sat-in chair. The results are often dramatic. What interests Jack is that their sale action is extraordinarily brisk.

In fact, the whole business is hysterical. Most jokes aren't patented. If you want to thrive, you have to think them up faster than your competitors can swipe them. The usual technique is to swamp the market with a new item before competitors can get into production.

No matter which end of a joker you're on, you gotta move fast.

THE END

For the literary, a hot dog between lines.

For bug haters, a high-flying paper moth.

RETURN *to the* RIVER

After four years of war, Jeremy discovered the one way a man can make sure he's fit for his old life and love

BY NORMAN A. FOX

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

TO Jeremy Spain there had been no completeness to coming home. Not till now, when he felt the familiar planking of the Missouri River packet Eclipse's pilothouse beneath his feet and the pull of the wheel in his hands. But even this moment had its bitterness. This was the test. In these past few months he had endured the ritual which had transferred him from Ensign J. Spain, U.S.N., to plain J. Spain, civilian and ex-riverman of note. He had suffered the lavish comfort of his father's big house in St. Louis and winced beneath the boisterous pride of his father, the careful solicitude of his mother, and the patient silence of Judith Harlan who wore the black of bereavement for a brother buried in Cajun country and a diamond ring for a lover who had come back in body only. They had fed him well, these people, wanting to put meat on his lanky leanness and erase the hollows of his thin face. They had filled the house with noise and merriment and music, but in him had been a constant cry that remained wordless. "Can't you see I've changed?" he wanted to shout. "Can't you see that I didn't come back, not really?"

Aye, that was it. The medical papers spoke only of a perfection of lungs and heart and bone, but there was that thing that no amount of thumping had revealed: the thing that stayed locked inside. That was why he had hurried back to the river. The owners had been glad enough to have him; there was gold in distant Montana and an upsurge of river traffic that would mean new packets on the Missouri as fast as Pittsburgh could produce them. The waning Pilots' Benevolent Association had reinstated him; the Eclipse had been waiting. The way Jeremy saw it, you took up where you'd left off four years ago, and that would banish all that had happened between Fort Sumter and Appomattox. But he wasn't so sure.

Even the leave-taking was an ordeal. There'd been a time when he'd thrilled to the sight of long rows of packets pulled up at the St. Louis levee while steam winches screamed as baled and barreled cargo got frantically loaded, and belated passengers, high-hatted and hoop-skirted, scurried up the landing stage. And that was as it had been before. His mother and father had come here, prideful and solicitous to the last, but neither had given him confidence. Judith had sent a note mentioning a blinding headache and expressed regrets.

And now he was bringing the Eclipse out from St. Louis and turning westward past Mobile Point into the swelling tide of the Missouri. Yet this was only the beginning. More than two thousand miles of unpredictable water lay between him and Fort Benton, head of navigation on the upper river. But here, at least, was something old and tried and familiar, the serenity of the pilothouse where a man reigned supreme over a little world of wood and machinery and passengers and cargo, and was dependent upon himself to move that world from one point upon a map to another. Here was aloneness and a call upon skill and instinct. Here was the test. But still he wasn't so sure.

IN due time Captain Webb clambered into the pilothouse. A bluff graying man with mutton-chop whiskers, he had grown old on the Big Muddy. He said, "Getting the feel back?"

"The Missouri is never the same from one day to the next," Jeremy said. "I had to learn her all over again each run. I'll manage."

Webb fumbled for his pipe and said casually, "The owners asked me to keep an eye on you."

Jeremy felt his shoulders stiffen. "That's what I was trying to run away from," he said. "People watching and waiting and trying to find the crack in me."

Webb said, "You've been four years gone. A packet like this is worth all of seventy-five thousand dollars. And we're carrying minted money upriver. You knew that, didn't you?"

Jeremy shrugged. "The pilothouse is still sheathed with boiler iron. I supposed that meant we still might have Indian trouble north of the Niobrara. I didn't expect an easy run."

"Times have changed, son," Webb said. "There are cutthroat crews hanging out along the upper river these days — renegades from both armies, scum who'd scamp a packet for far less than the Eclipse is carrying. I'm worried. Likely there are men aboard who are set to swing a signal lantern when the proper time has come."

"We're carrying arms," Jeremy observed. "There's one thing the owners don't need to worry about. I'm a better shot than when I left."

"Be careful," Webb said.

BUT Jeremy had seen how it was. His secret was not wholly a secret, for the owners had commissioned Captain Webb to watch him. But the test was his, and he must make it alone. He had to know if he possessed his old surety, for that was the measure of a Missouri River pilot. The steamboaters of the lower Mississippi, where he'd served an apprenticeship, could memorize their run, bluff for bluff, point for point, but he challenged a river that was ever changing, where a man steered by instinct and the master pilot was the one whose instinct served him best when an emergency arose. Beat the Missouri, and he would beat the thing that haunted him.

Such was the beginning, but the days brought him confidence, for the river swelled with the spring rise and the running was easy. St. Joseph and Omaha were left in the churning wake of the packet. They steamed only by day, snubbing up to the bank when darkness came, and Jeremy took to mingling with his fellow officers and even with the passengers, finding old friends and making new ones. The Eclipse was a palatial boat, carrying some three hundred passengers varying from the gamblers and professional men and Indian agents whose purses provided them with cabin passage on down to the polyglot humanity who swarmed the lowest deck — gold seekers mostly, and hog-hairy buckskin men with the look of eagles in their eyes. A man could lose himself

(*Continued on page 68*)

"Will you signal the engine room now," Cutter said, "or shall I put a bullet into Miss Harlan? Be sensible, Spain."

As Tobe passed the Dillon house, he saw Emma snipping flowers. She looked up, as she always did, but Tobe feigned not to see.

A MERE MATTER OF Money

FORD'S OUT FRONT

with Headline Features!

FORD ALONE GIVES YOU A CHOICE OF TWO GREAT ENGINES!
Only Ford offers you the 100 h.p. V-8 engine . . . the smoothest, liveliest engine in the low-priced field . . . or the brilliant 90 h.p. Six! Here's performance for every need! And for economy, both the V-8 and the Six are thriftier than ever, thanks to new 4-ring aluminum pistons and new balanced carburetion.

FORD ALONE HAS "KING-SIZED" BRAKES . . .
the biggest brakes in the low-priced field . . . the oversized hydraulics that could stop a car of twice the weight. They're self-centering, too, for faster, smoother, safer stops on any surface!

FORD ALONE HAS THE "LIFEGUARD" BODY . . .
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There's a Ford *in your future*

Wasteland

BY JO SINCLAIR

Jake Brown, newspaper photographer, saw his life as a sordid, drunken wasteland. He was ashamed of his family and their Jewishness, yet he was bound to them. This is the story of a man who struggled to find the courage to identify himself with his background and to take pride in his heritage.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

OCTOBER 19, 1946
Copyright, 1946, by Harper & Brothers. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y. Price $2.50.

EVEN in the secrecy of his own mind, Jake called him "the doctor." He hated the word psychiatrist—even if his sister Debby did say it was a beautiful word.

"I looked it up in the dictionary," he had told her harshly. "Treatment of diseases of the mind! What in hell's that got to do with me?"

"But don't feel that way," Debby had said. "It has the word soul in it. Psyche means soul. That's beautiful, isn't it?"

This was his third Saturday. He sat in the small, simply furnished office and watched the doctor open his notebook and unscrew the top of his fountain pen. Today things seemed different. Jake did not feel so closed in, so anxious. Maybe he would talk today.

The doctor's voice came into his thoughts, softly as usual, unabruptly. "How do you feel today, John?" The doctor called him John.

"Lousy." Jake's muscles tensed.

"Do you want to tell me about it? Can you talk today?"

"I can talk, all right! I'm not drunk. I had a few drinks, sure. It's always easier to talk when I've had a few."

The doctor nodded. "What do you want to talk about?"

Jake did not know how to start. "How—how do I know what to say? I came here because you helped my sister."

"I helped her help herself."

"Oh sure, I know! She told me that. She said she got two things from you. They're what I want, too! One, she found out what she really wants. Two, she found out how to get her hands on it."

"What bothers you very much? At this moment?"

Jake shoved the words out almost frantically. "It's my nephews. My sister Sarah's kids. That's why I really came to you. I don't give a damn about myself! But those two kids! I can't stand it when I think they're going to be knocked out, too. The same as all of us. Every one of us. Except Debby! She's the only one of us who got away."

"How old are your nephews?" the doctor said.

"Bernie's thirteen. Allen's eight. Bernie's the one right now. But the other one'll be there, too." He looked up into the watching eyes, and the words rushed out. "Doctor, they're going to be wasted! The same as all the rest of us were wasted!"

"Wasted," the doctor repeated. "You say, just like all of us. Who is all of us, John?"

"My father and mother. Me. My sisters, Roz and Sarah—" Then Jake looked up. "Not Debby. She's O.K."

"Everybody in your family with the exception of your sister Deborah. And you yourself? You believe that your life has been wasted? What makes you think that?"

"My God, I don't even know what it's all about. I get up every morning and I'm—I feel like it's still night. I feel black, pitch black. Heavy. Like the whole world's on my back. All right, I call it being wasted!"

"So it's not only your nephews' potential waste," the doctor's patient voice began to point out. "It is also your own wasted life behind theirs. That's what bothers you so much, isn't it?"

Jake nodded.

"Could it possibly be that in looking at Bernie you see your own wasteland as a cause, a reason, for that child's approaching wasteland?"

"Wasteland. That's like a desert, isn't it? Nothing grows there. It's all dry—dead. Is that what you mean?"

"Land that's barren," the doctor said. "Where nothing will grow. When a flower, or even a blade of grass, is put there, something seems to choke it. It dies. Isn't that what you'd call wasteland, John?"

Jake nodded.

"Tell me, have you ever been in love? Is it possible for love to exist in a wasteland?"

"She isn't even in the city," Jake said harshly. "The one I'm in love with—Laura. Why talk about her? She'd never marry me, anyway. That's another thing. I haven't even ever had a Jewish girl friend."

"Don't you like Jewish girls?"

"Oh, sure. They're—well, they'd be the real thing. I just never had any. I see this girl, Katherine. She's in the same office with me. A reporter. We go out a lot."

"In love?"

Jake laughed. "Gosh, no! But we like each other a lot." He stopped laughing. "She isn't Jewish, either."

"Oh, do you mean you couldn't be in love with a woman who wasn't Jewish?"

"I don't know about that! Laura isn't a Jew. I mean—well, maybe I don't think I'd ever marry anyone who wasn't Jewish."

"You must be very proud of being a Jew."

For a moment, Jake felt stunned. Then he cried out sharply, "That's wrong! All wrong. I hate being a Jew. Nobody in the office even knows I'm a Jew. My God, I used to wake up sweating because I dreamed they found out I was—"

He broke off, suddenly aware that he had said it. After all the years he finally had said it out loud.

THE pen was moving, and Jake watched it gratefully, thinking, That's my guts he's writing down.

"Talk as much as you like, John, but don't get so excited. There's time for everything you want to say."

Jake glared. "Time! I'm thirty-five. How much time do you think I've got left?" But another thought clicked in his mind. "But, hell, there's nothing to do with the time I've got left! Sure, I want to enlist; but what'll I do about my mother?"

"Why do you want to enlist?" the doctor asked.

"Why? There's a war on. It's exciting, new. You get away from all the old things—the house, your job." (But

I'll tell you, Jack, Debby had said. You wouldn't really get away from these things. You'd be taking them right along with you unless you cleared them up first.)

"What about winning the war?" the doctor said crisply. "Does that enter into your plans?"

"Sure. Anybody enlists so he can help win the war!"

"Tell me, do you ever think of the Jews of the world when you think of enlisting? The suffering, the way they're murdered and tortured?"

"No, I never think of them." Jake winced. "Why should I? I'm an American. Why should I have to call myself a Jew all the time? Maybe Bernie wouldn't be in such a tough spot if he weren't a Jew."

The doctor smiled, nodded. "Tell me about Bernie."

"Sure." Jake smashed out his cigarette, thinking back to about a month ago, Friday. "Bernie came over to pick up the fish and bread for his mother. My mother always bakes bread on Friday. And she makes this *gefüllte* fish—it's Jewish fish, sort of stuffed. You know, Friday night is when our Sabbath begins, and we always have this special food. Well, my mother always bakes for my sister Sarah, too."

"And you're always home for that Sabbath meal?"

"Oh, sure," Jake said. "That's one night I eat at home. All of us do. Roz and Deborah, too. Well, that Friday was the first time I'd had a really good look at Bernie in

pened. The trouble was, whenever he heard somebody say "dirty Jew" he thought immediately of his family. Sure, and of himself. Was he ashamed of being a Jew? It looked like it, didn't it! And yet, every time he read about what was happening to Jews all over the world, he wanted to smash faces, he wanted to get up and shoot all those who were doing it.

No, nobody at the paper knew he was a Jew. He'd just never mentioned it. His name wasn't Jewish; he didn't look like a Jew either. Why mention it? All right, maybe he was ashamed of being a Jew! But that wasn't the big thing he was ashamed of. There was plenty to be ashamed about without having to be ashamed of being a Jew.

When his father went on relief, for example. Well, I was paying as much as I could! Debby couldn't get a job. The old man was doing little jobs of hauling with his truck, the same as now, only he wasn't making more than a few dollars a week. So he goes on relief.

Debby got us out of that. What she did was take one of those WPA jobs, and that took us off relief.

Remember the cracks people used to make about WPA? I figured if anybody ever tried to tell me my sister was on WPA, I could laugh it off, I could say I never saw my sister anyway. Well, luckily, nobody ever found it out. I mean, I was *ashamed* of the whole damn mess.

Debby. Yeah, she's the peculiar one in that house. See, one day she was a kid. Then, all of a sudden, one day I notice she's grown up, a kind of tall girl with blond hair. I mean, I got a feeling of white and clean when I looked at her. Well, then all of a sudden she's on WPA, supporting the family right along with me.

ONE day Ma tells me Debby's sold a story.

It took me a few weeks, then I finally met up with Debby in the living room. It was about eleven o'clock at night. Ma and the old man were asleep. The radio was playing that classical music she always had on. She was reading, all curled up in the chair.

"I hear you sold a story," I said finally.

She looked up. "I didn't get any money for it."

"Could I read it?" I said.

She pointed to the table. "Help yourself."

I read the story. It was as peculiar as she was. It was about colored people. Why she should write about colored people! And I kept thinking, See, your lousy family, even when they get into a magazine they're different than other writers!

When I looked up, she said, "Do you like it?"

"I think it's swell." I felt my face get hot.

"It's my first published story," she said. "I read it to Ma. After I read it she said, 'Why do you have to write about colored people? Maybe that's why they didn't pay you anything for it.' I didn't tell her that Negroes are very important to people like us. She wouldn't have understood."

A year later she sold another story. This time Ma was plenty excited when she told me. "They sent her a check for a hundred and fifty dollars! Imagine, for one story!"

The magazine came out with the story three months later. Her name was on the cover, D. B. Brown. It was about the war in Spain. She took a bunch of kids and wrote about what happened to them during and after a bombing. And she compared them to American kids.

I don't know how I felt. Kind of proud, I guess. This D. B. Brown was my sister. She lived in that house, in those dingy, smelly rooms. She had come out of that house different, clean. How did I feel?

Sure, proud. And yet this story, too, was different. Why should this sister of mine write about Spanish kids? About colored people? Why didn't she write about love, about people who were happy? Was she happy?

Around that time I began to watch her as much as I could. I began to feel as if there was a secret in the house, in the family. I thought maybe if I could figure Deborah out, I could figure out that secret.

But I couldn't. She was a secret. Yeah, I began to see in her face and her eyes a lot of what women have there. A softness, a kind of a tender business. The way she talked to Ma sometimes, as if she were the older and the stronger, and Ma could lean on her if she wanted to. The way she would bring home candy for Ma sometimes, or a shopping basket—you know, little presents.

Sometimes, when I let myself into the house, at eleven or so, she wouldn't be sitting there under the lamplight. The radio would be playing very softly, her kind of music, and I'd see a light in the bathroom, the door open. There she was, with a rag and scouring powder, scrubbing the washbowl. I'd see such things often, and to me it was a secret that she did them. . . .

Debby. Yeah, and wasn't it a secret how Jake could feel so mixed up about her? Ashamed, sure, but what about the feeling he always had about her strength and cleanliness, her story writing, her intelligence? You know what? Part of that secret was that she was like Friday night in his mind. Debby was a part of that night, a part of the small section of his life that was regular, that was there, that was for sure.

IT WAS Saturday again. Jake leaned eagerly toward the desk. It was almost as if he had not left this office last Saturday. The doctor pushed the box of cigarettes toward him, watched him light one.

"Doctor, you remember what I told you about that Friday night stuff?"

The doctor smiled. "Yes, I remember."

"Well, I haven't been eating Friday night suppers with the family lately."

"Why? Is there a reason for that, John?"

"Sure there is. I swore to myself once that I'd never eat with the whole family again. It didn't mean a damn thing for all of us to sit down together, and I knew it, and I said then I never would again!"

"When was it?"

"When I saw them all. My family! It was at Passover, at the Seder, and I was just sitting there and asking the questions, and all of a sudden I looked up and saw them. It was just like I'd never seen them before—the way they really were."

He stopped abruptly. Suddenly he was aware of a person, a man, sitting behind a desk. A sunken feeling materialized at the pit of his stomach.

White-faced, he demanded, "Say, are you a Jew?"

"No," the doctor answered gravely.

"But do you know anything about Jewish holidays? I mean, we've got this one called Passover! It comes in the spring, and it's nice. We use new dishes for those special days, and we eat matzoth instead of bread. A matzoth is like a big square cracker." Jake's voice petered out. "If you don't know anything about it, it'd be pretty tough to tell you."

The doctor nodded. "But I know a lot about it. I know it's a happy holiday. It goes with the spring, doesn't it? With a feeling of warm weather coming, and hope, everything clean and new. I know it's a holiday celebrating the deliverance of the Jews from the bondage of Egypt, and that the holiday starts each year with two holy suppers, Seders. Matzoth is unleavened bread, the kind the Jews ate during their flight from Egypt."

Jake hunched deeper into the chair. "Why, you know more about it than I do. All I cared about was that it was such a nice holiday. I mean, it was—well, everybody was together, and all the Jews all over the world were doing the same thing. It felt—it felt strong and—and old. As if the Passover and the Seder had always been there, and always would, forever and ever."

"Let's see if I can help you," the doctor said. "The entire family sat at the Seder supper every year. To celebrate a holiday that was thousands of years old, that would be celebrated forever, as long as Jews were alive to celebrate it. In your mind, then, the Seder is tied to words like family, like Jewish history and culture, security, strength. I want to know, John, if I'm saying what you mean."

"Well," Jake said, his forehead creased, "why would you use words like security or strength?"

"The strength of the Jews, who lived through the torture of Egypt?" the doctor asked.

"Yeah. And all the pogroms. And all the hell people are always giving them. Yeah, I guess that's right."

"Security?" the doctor said. "Didn't you feel strong and secure at that holiday table? Your father at the head of the table, conducting the old, holy ritual. Your mother

there, your sisters there. Your family. And behind your family, tens of thousands of Jewish families, going through the dignity and beauty of each of these holiday steps. Let's go back now, John. What made you swear never again to eat with your family? You say all your troubles started at one of the Seders. When was that? Do you remember how old you were?"

"I remember, all right! I was fifteen." Jake swallowed. "You see, Passover always comes out close to my birthday. And I always used to pretend that Passover was sort of half to celebrate my birthday, too."

The doctor leaned forward. "Twenty years ago. You looked around that birthday-Seder table, and 'saw' your family. What had you seen in them before that night?"

"My God," Jake cried, "that night I felt all lost! Like I didn't know anybody there. Like they weren't anything to me, and I didn't belong to them either."

"But the Seder before that one—how had it been for you then? The year before, when you were fourteen? Do you remember?"

"Sure I remember! I was happy then."

Jake's eyes closed; he went back and back, trying to erase everything from his mind and then printing on its blackboard with round, childish letters: Seder, fifteen, Pa told me to ask the questions.

His eyes opened. "It didn't happen to me until the old man said it was time to ask the questions. I read them, in English. The old man does everything in Hebrew during the Seder, but I don't know any Hebrew. Then, when I looked up, after I was through asking, then's when it hit me. Like a rock had come down on my head."

"What do you mean when you talk about 'the questions'?" the doctor asked.

"It's part of the ceremony. The old man tells the story of what happened in Egypt. When he's praying in Hebrew I'm following the story in English, out of the *Haggadah*. That's a little book that's printed in English in one column of the page, and then the other column's in Hebrew—a book that's got all the prayers of the Passover in it. Well, at one point of the story, I read these questions out of the *Haggadah*. In English. See, the youngest son at the table is supposed to ask these questions. All about why is this night different. Then, when I'm through asking, my father starts again, in Hebrew, and he tells why this night is different."

"I see," the doctor said. He was writing rapidly in the notebook, and yet at the same time his eyes were there to look into, cool and understanding.

"John, I'd like very much to hear about those two Seders. First, about the happy one. Then, about the Seder which took place the year you were fifteen."

"Gosh," Jake said, rubbing his forehead, "both of them? Why do you want to hear about that?"

"Do you understand what happened at those two Seders, what happened in the year between them?"

"No," Jake cried angrily. "You know I don't!"

After a while, he said, "I'm sorry, but it—it hurts to go back, to tell all that stuff. I get so tired."

"I know how it hurts. I know how tiring it is." The voice comforted Jake. "We must try to re-create those scenes," the doctor said, and Jake knew it was true, he had known all along, but it had seemed such an impossible thing to do. "We must get them out, talk about them. Reason them out. There is a reason for everything. We must find the reason, the truth of what has happened."

"I know, I know," Jake said.

And then, after he had begun, it was easy. . . .

FOR him the excitement always began at the table. Looking back, he always began remembering at the moment when they were around the dining room table.

All were sitting down, and Pa, at the head of that table, sitting on a pillow, had filled each glass with the red wine. The big, shabby book was open before Pa, and, before Jake, the *Haggadah* was. You sat next to Pa, and you saw Debby and Roz play the matzoth game. One person shut her eyes, see, and the other broke a piece of matzoth, then held the two pieces tightly together, trying to disguise the crack, and said: "O.K., open your eyes." Then the other person would stare at the matzoth and try to guess where the crack was. Boy, what fun when you had guessed right—or even wrong! Ma would be running to the stove to see if the chicken was O.K. Debby always sat opposite him, and she sure was cute, her round face and her blue eyes so serious.

"Have you got the eggs and salt water?" Pa'd say to Ma. "Where's the horseradish? Where's the *charoseth?*" All the little dishes of things that one dipped into during the Seder service. Everything was ready, Ma said breathlessly.

Everything was beautiful, just beautiful. Jake felt excited and solemn at once. He was wearing his new suit, gray, with knickers that came down past the knee. It was a wonderful suit!

Then, finally, Pa started. Jake followed his father's Hebrew in the English column, followed his father's chanting voice that always seemed to cry when it prayed. Pa took a sip of wine, and everybody else followed him and took a sip, even Debby, whose face got all screwed up when she tasted it.

All the details. Pa leaving the table to wash his hands.

Then he comes back. He dips pieces of parsley into salt water and passes the pieces around. A little prayer, then he eats his parsley. And, on the echo of that mournful, chanting prayer, everyone eats his piece.

Then Pa breaks the special matzoth and hides some of it under the edge of the pillow, and he picks up the dish with the bone and egg on it and everybody touches it while he says in Hebrew: *This is the bread of affliction which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt: let all those who are hungry, enter and eat thereof. . . .*

You wait tremulously for Pa to go through the prayer. Your moment is coming, the biggest moment of the Seder, when the youngest son asks the questions.

Ma fills the wineglasses now. Pa is still holding up the dish with the bone and egg on it. You sit there, clutching the *Haggadah*.

How can you explain that you felt like a cog in a monumental, ageless, beautiful wheel which had been turning slow, with terrific meaning, for centuries, and would continue to turn forever, for as long as there were Jews alive? You were in that wheel, and your family, and all Jewish families. How can you explain how you felt?

"Well, ask the questions," Pa said in Yiddish.

Then Jake, his heart pounding, spoke in an odd, hoarse voice. "Wherefore is this night distinguished from all other nights?" he read. "Any other night we may eat either leavened or unleavened bread, but on this night only unleavened bread; all other nights we may eat any species of herbs, but this night only bitter herbs; all other nights we do not dip even once, but this night twice; all other nights we eat and drink either sitting or reclined, but on this night we all of us recline."

And it was over for him, his individual, momentous part in the evening. Trembling, he saw the dish replaced on the table. He heard his father's chant start again: *Because we were slaves unto Pharaoh in Egypt, and the eternal, our God, brought us thence with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm.*

Languidly, he followed the services, in the *Haggadah* coming upon the part about the ten plagues, the part about the bitter herbs, and reading to himself as his father showed the herb to everybody and then said it in Hebrew: *It is eaten because the Egyptians embittered the lives of our ancestors in Egypt. . . .*

Pa passed around the bitter herbs with a piece of matzoth for each one, and Jake ate his, the tears springing to his eyes at the sharp taste, familiar and well-loved tears he remembered from last year's Seder. And his tearful eyes read on as his father prayed: *With unleavened bread and bitter herbs shall they eat it.*

Then it was time to eat supper. First they ate hard-boiled egg sliced into salt water. Then came the *gefüllte* fish. Then they had chicken, and he helped himself to the mixture of horseradish and beet. The taste of that made his eyes smart, but he smeared the wonderful stuff on his chicken anyway and ate it. And then, last, there was the steaming yellow chicken soup with the two matzoth balls floating in each bowl.

"How are the matzoth balls?" his mother cried gaily. "Soft, or hard?"

"Soft, soft," Jake cried back. "They're so soft, they're so wonderful!" And when she smiled with pride, he felt happy, intensely happy.

After the stewed prunes, Ma and Roz started to clear the table. Pa filled all the wineglasses again, the third time, and started to pray again.

Now my mother and Roz are sitting again. My father says, "Open the door," and I go to the kitchen door and open it wide.

Now the door is open, the Messiah will come into our house and drink from the full cup of wine which has been waiting for him all evening. Feel the mystery, obscurely feel the footsteps of long ago and far away in this room, and Pa praying them in.

At the signal, shut the door softly. The Messiah has been here, we have eaten and prayed, the last cup of wine has been drunk, and I have asked the questions; I too, have played my tiny, meaningful part in the Passover. The wine has lulled me. I feel lullaby soft as my father prays the last of the evening song.

Sleepily, I watch Ma take Debby's hand and whisper: "Come on to sleep; it's late, it's after the Seder. . . ."

As his father and he sat alone at the table, the sorrowful deep chant became softer and softer, Jake's eyes closed and he heard his father's prayers go on and on even as he slept. . . .

"IT happened at the next Passover," Jake said. "The one I just told you about was the last good Seder."

"Exactly what happened?" The doctor sat at the desk looking at him, his eyes compassionate.

"Exactly, exactly," Jake muttered. "How can I tell you what it was, exactly? There I was, sitting at the table, asking the questions, and all of a sudden it was as if entirely different people were sitting at the table with me. No, that's not right!" He rubbed his forehead, scowling in an attempt to remember.

"No," he said excitedly, "they weren't different. No, that wasn't it! It was if I'd been looking at them through a—well, a screen, all the years up until then. And then, after I'd read the questions, when I looked up from the *Haggadah*—that was the second when the screen disappeared! That was the second when I *saw* them. The way they really were!"

He stared at the doctor in panic. "Why did it happen just then? Why did it have to hit me then, at that second that had always been so wonderful for me?"

"That was undoubtedly the only time it could have broken on you," the doctor said quickly. "That moment of asking your father the solemn questions was the most meaningful moment of the evening for you. I can even say, I think, that it was the most meaningful moment of the year. As far as religion was concerned, and culture, and your position in the family."

"But I wasn't religious! I didn't go to Hebrew school."

"You may not be religious in the sense that your father is, but that Passover ritual that holding out of spring and hope, are religion to you, John. They're your sense of God. Other men get it from music. Or from poetry."

The quiet, calm voice continued. "People grow into their hour of maturity in a variety of ways. Sometimes they don't know the approximate hour. Let's say the consciousness of your hour came to you when you were fifteen, when you were sitting at the holiday table. Will you please try to tell me what happened that evening?"

"All right," Jake said. "That's when I started to hate it that I was a Jew."

"Yes, I know," the doctor said. "But let's find out what it was you really started to hate that evening."

Lighting a cigarette, Jake tried to digest the exciting import of that. What was it you really started to hate. There was a lot to think about in words like that. Because, look at him, sure he hated the idea that anybody would think he was Jewish—like his family, sure. But look at how he always kept wondering if he'd ever meet a Jewish girl, the kind he could marry.

"John," the doctor said, "talk all those things you're thinking so hard. Put them into words, so that we can examine them."

"I'm thinking how I felt that year," Jake said hesitantly. "I felt lots older. Sort of serious. I kept thinking it would

be Passover soon, and my birthday, and then the warm weather would come. . . ."

. . . and then it was Passover time, the night of the first Seder. He felt the familiar surge of excitement as he took his bath that evening.

And then they were all sitting around the table and the bright lights were reflected in the wineglasses. He watched the familiar ritual steps, watched the elevation of the dish containing the bone and the egg. He read the English, intensely curious this year about the import of each word. It was time for him now.

"Ask the questions," his father murmured tonelessly.

"Wherefore is this night distinguished from all other nights?" he read, his voice trembling with the wonder and secrecy of life. "Any other night we may eat . . ."

His eyes lifted from the page, the dish was set down on the table, and his father's voice began again.

That was the moment it happened to him. When he himself was so full and deep with the tearfulness and the awe; at that moment, he looked around the table to see the eyes of his family because he wanted to see his feeling reflected in those eyes.

It struck him, with an appalling clarity, that they had not been listening: Roz sat restlessly cracking bits of matzoth. He was aware, his heart sinking, of the petulant curve of her lips under the bright lipstick. What boy's name was she saying to herself!

His mother? The eyes seemed intent on the table, the face closed to him and to the entire Passover story.

His father's voice pulled his eyes up to the old man's face. Stern, the head nodding, the upper body swaying slightly, the eyes focused on the book from which he was reading; and now Jake sensed, with a kind of half-nauseated terror, that the prayers were being uttered

mechanically, a sing-song reading of one word after another, one automatic phrase after another.

Then Jake's eyes jumped to Debby. She was the same! Of all there, she was the only one with meaning left to her—the baby! Her round, plump face was turned toward their father. Her eyes were solemn, big with the dream of the chanted words. He turned away impatiently, raging inwardly. That baby! She still believes everything. Look at her, she believes every sound, every damn lie!

That was when he had first said the word. Lie. It's all a lie. Everything he's praying, every dish Ma cooked, every one of us sitting here—we're sitting in a lie. That was when the terrible doubt hit him across the heart with a sledge hammer. It all stemmed from the focal point of that father, sitting so hypocritically at the head of a table. A father, the head of a family. Yes, but all the time Jake knew (how long had he really known!) that he was stingy, without love for anyone, a smiler at tears, cold as ice and snow.

He never once put out his hand to me, Jake thought as he watched the stranger's face of his father. He never gave me a nickel, or asked me how I felt!

And she? he thought dismally as he watched his mother's face. Did she ever kiss me? I don't remember. It's as if something's wrong between them, between a mother and father, and something's wrong with all of us because of that, and with our house, too. Everything is a lie, because it's a lie that they're a mother and father.

His father, a Jew. Was that the way it was to be a Jew? To be like his father in everyday life, then to sit at the Seder table like a patriarch of old—dignified, praying? It was a lie, it was all pretense. If his father was a Jew, then he didn't want to be a Jew!

He was alone. Like he didn't have a country, or a home, or a family—or even a name. He didn't want that man's name anyway! He'd make his own name. He'd get out, he didn't want any of them anyway. None of them, not even Debby. He'd get a job, live his own life away from the lie of their lives.

He reached for his wineglass and took a sip. His throat was as dry as if he had been praying for hours.

A stern promise shaped itself in his mind. I'll never again sit down with my family at one table. I'll never eat with all of them again and lie that we're a family. I'll never ask him the questions again.

And he swallowed the wine solemnly, as if it could seal the promise.

"I REMEMBER how ashamed I was," Jake finished slowly. "Ashamed that he was my father, that I was a Jew. Because he was one. And we all were. I guess I thought all Jews were like that, didn't I? I didn't want to be one, I know that. I blamed everything on that."

"You had to blame it on something," the doctor said. "You couldn't bear to face the fact that it was one man, your father, who must have been the source of all that misery. So you blamed it on the Jews. In Germany, a lot of people blame their fear and hunger on the Jews."

"Yeah, I know," Jake cried. "And they're not Jews themselves, like I am. That was peculiar, wasn't it? I mean that Passover business, how I loved it so much, and all of a sudden it seemed like a dirty lie."

"It seemed like a betrayal. Beauty and meaning betrayed by the man who was leading prayers. The entire essence of Jewishness seemed to crumble for you."

"Yeah, I guess so," Jake mumbled. "Though I didn't know anything about such words, essence of Jewishness."

"Except inside of you. You knew all the words there. Shame for your father, who was dirty, a Jew, a man who did not give his wife a good life. If this man was a Jew, then one should be ashamed of being a Jew."

"Yeah!"

"But is it the Jewishness of your father you dislike? Or is it the personality, the mind and actions, of the man?"

Jake stared at him.

"Is it the Jews who are dirty and rotten, stingy, illiterate as far as their adopted land is concerned? Or are all those traits embodied in this one man—who happens to be a Jew?"

The silence in the office washed over Jake warmly, softly, like slow-running, gentle water. He felt the thick, rigid bar of shame quiver for the first time, the bar he had thought so immovably fixed across his heart.

IT WAS Saturday again. Today he was eager to be here. Already he shared with the walls of this office the intimacy of secrets released, the wonderful freedom of shame and pain eased, even the inch of secret, the first few stumbling steps of ease.

The quiet voice spoke. "Tell me, John, how have you been sleeping?"

Sullenly Jake replied, "Not so hot. I have a tough time falling asleep. Then last night I woke up three times. I was worried, I guess. I kept thinking about some art I took on one of my assignments yesterday. I kept wondering if my boss had thrown it out."

"Well, had he?" the doctor asked.

"No. Listen," Jake started out very quickly, "I'm nuts about my job. Don't get me wrong! But I'm always worried about it. I mean, well, how the pictures are going to turn out. What people are going to say."

"Do you want to talk about your job today?"

"There's too much to talk about." Jake groaned to himself. "I've been on the *Register* eighteen years!"

"Why did you quit school?" the doctor asked.

"Hell!" Jake burst out, "what was the use of finishing? I was a dope. I needed money. Every time I looked at my mother I wanted money more and more. Every time I looked at my father. . . ."

HE'D had no trouble getting the job.

The logical thing to do, as he had been hustling the *Register* all along, was to see Joe, in the circulation department.

"What about on the truck?" he said.

"We're all full," Joe said. "But try the editorial department, kid. I hear they need copy boys."

It had all been so easy—the job, the sliding into a name, the wonderful way the office had seemed like home from the very first moment.

He had seen a tall man with red hair who had said, "You look like you can run. It's ten bucks a week to start—if you last you'll get a raise. You better fill out a paper." He tossed Jake a form.

John Brown, he printed. For an everlasting minute, he studied that name. If Roz could change our name from Braunowitz to Brown, he argued savagely, I can change Jake to John.

Flushed to his hair, he passed the paper to the red-headed man. The man looked at it briefly.

"O.K., Johnnie. Want to start now?"

"Sure!"

"O.K. Get me a coke and a ham-on-rye."

Jake clattered down the steps. Triumph paced him, outran him, then jumped two steps at a time along with him. John Brown. He was seventeen. He had a job. He had a name. . . .

The camera happened to him about a year later. He became friendly with the Old Man. In fact, the Old Man finally sort of adopted him.

The Old Man was Pete Bartok. He'd been head of the photographic department for one hell of a long time.

The night the Old Man adopted him Jake was going through a huge album of the Old Man's pictures, whistling to himself at how wonderful they were. In one of them—a fire shot—the Old Man had got a woman's tears, and how her eyes were sad and afraid at the same time. When he looked up, the Old Man was watching him.

The Old Man suddenly knelt, right next to him, and squinted down at the picture. "Like that one?"

"It sure is a marvelous shot," Jake said, his face hot. He wondered if the Old Man would notice how he said the word shot, instead of picture.

The Old Man looked squarely into Jake's eyes. He was so close that Jake's eyes filled with tears, but he did not look away.

"What's the matter?" the Old Man asked. "You want to be a photographer?"

Jake nodded. There was a big lump in his throat, and he wanted the Old Man to put an arm around him.

"What we'll do, any time you can snitch from your work, why, you come in here and I'll break you in."

Jake had never called Old Pete father, even in the secrecy of his thoughts. Named or unnamed, however, he gave Jake a particular kind of strength, the feeling a guy got from his father.

The way he had got Jake switched to the darkroom within six months, the way his hand tousled Jake's hair as he growled, "Hey kid, that was a terrible shot; what the hell did I tell you about watching your background?" —these were the things Jake never labeled father-son, but they were anyway.

And the eighteen years of working on the *Register;* what did one remember of them? The way they flowed one into the next, and the next. The way the first fears faded (and yet somehow never quite completely faded), the fear of not fitting in, of being a Jew among hundreds of gentiles, the fear that the Anglo-Saxon name would not be enough to carry him, that some hidden, secret thing of Jewishness would creep out and mark his face, or his speech, or the way he worked.

You make pals in the office. You make love to a girl like Katherine Adams and it's swell because you're pals with her, too, but it doesn't mean anything but that, just pals. And finally the Old Man retires, and then you miss him all the time. You have a drink with Katherine. She knows how you feel about Laura, but it's O.K., both of you know how you feel about Laura.

For eighteen years. Things happen. You take pictures and take 'em and take 'em, and you're still jittery, still waiting for the roof to fall in. You're still waiting every day for somebody to say, "Hey, I hear you're a Yid. Hey, I hear you're really Jakey the Yid."

For eighteen years. . . .

"DO you remember when you started drinking?"

"Hell, how should I know? Everybody drinks, Doctor. Why, Hell, in the newspaper game—"

God, God, how could he remember a thing like that? Had it begun with Laura? With the feeling that his pictures would not turn out right, not ever? With the constant growing of confusion, muddle, emptiness?

"I don't know where to start," Jake said painfully.

"Start anywhere. Talk about what you remember."

"I met Laura ten years ago. She was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen in my life. I wasn't in love with her at first. She was kind of like a sister to me, or a—well, lots like a mother. She phoned the photographer's room once and asked for one of us to come to her office and take a shot of somebody. Well, I went. I did a couple of other jobs for her, and by that time we were talking a lot. She was easy to talk to, and I felt pretty good that she'd spend all that time listening to me. You see, she was our fashion editor, and everybody knew she was about the smartest person on the paper. And I wanted to do things for her because of all the tough breaks she'd had. Everybody was sorry for her because her husband had died. . . ."

To Jake she was a wise, lovely woman who listened to him for hours. Then they began to go out on Sundays. They'd drive out to the country. He'd take pictures of her. They swam sometimes, then had dinner in her studio apartment. They drank sometimes, and they'd play records.

What had happened? Exactly nothing. The first time he kissed her, she had laughed and patted his cheek. He'd demanded, "What's the matter, why are you laughing?"

"Oh, Jack darling, you're sweet," she'd said.

He'd kissed her again, hard, but it had been like kissing something that wasn't there.

Well, after that he knew he was in love. He knew he'd go through hell for her, and everybody on the paper knew it. She knew it, too, and didn't seem to mind.

Well, what was there to say, after all? He'd loved her for ten years, and then three years ago she left to take a job in Washington. And about a year later she married this millionaire. Kathy told me about him. Kathy and Laura write to each other. . . .

I remember the day she left. I thought I was going to die. I thought I'd never get over feeling lost, and kind of scared, and—well, absolutely alone!

So she was going. So I came in to say so long. I remember how I felt. Like I'd never have anybody to hang on to again, or come close to. She was always so warm, and she always said the right couple of words. . . .

After he left work that day, he went over to the Brass Rail. He sat on a high stool at the bar and talked to the bartender about the doubleheader game.

He had four drinks, but a small niche inside of him stayed clear and cold with Laura's name in the middle of it. He thought maybe he'd go on drinking. . . .

"YOU don't talk much about Katherine, John. How is it you don't say more about her?"

"What's there to say? Kat's a swell kid. She's fun to be with. Or drink with. I'll tell you what, I always feel funny about Kat the next day. I mean, if I've been with her the night before. Depressed, kind of."

"Did Laura ever make you feel depressed?"

"Laura? Course not! . . . Well, I'll tell you. After a while it got so I couldn't even kiss her. She made me feel like a—a kid. Now look, don't get me wrong! She was wonderful to me. Take one thing. The way she'd call me dear, or darling. Nobody in my house ever says a word like that!"

"What do you mean, you couldn't even kiss her?"

"How the hell can a kid kiss a woman! I told you she made me feel like a kid sometimes! She never even knew about my own pictures," Jake mumbled, and suddenly he was glad he had never shown them to her. But there was an ache about it, too. How close she would have been then. If he had shared his pictures with her.

"What are you thinking now?" the doctor asked.

"I feel sick in—in my heart." Jake nodded hesitantly. "All I know is, I'm so unhappy I can't do my job right. Every time I take a picture! Well, I'm just scared they won't like it, that's all. Except my own pictures."

"Tell me, what do you mean when you say 'my own pictures'? Those are the pictures you take for your own collection, for your own pleasure; is that right?"

Jake nodded. "But there's more to it," he said slowly. "I think about them a lot. I make plans, kind of."

"What kind of plans?"

"Funny plans. I mean, well, I'd like to take pictures of my mother and the old man. Can you feature that? Me hating that guy the way I do, and the way I feel peculiar about my mother." His mouth shook slightly with his eagerness to explain. "Think of the swell pictures I could take of them! In the kitchen there, the way they always sit at the table. They're reading the *Jewish World,* see, and I get their faces and part of the paper. I get the *feel* of their faces.

"I've even got captions for pictures like that. In my head. That kitchen picture I could call, AMERICANS, EVENING. They're Americans, after all." Jake lunged on. "There's one picture I really want to get. Friday night. My mother stands in front of the candles she's just lit. Her hands are over her eyes, her lips are moving. That's one I'll call, IN AMERICA THEY PRAY. How do you like that one?"

The doctor studied him for a moment.

"Why don't you take those pictures? What are you waiting for?"

The brightness went out of Jake's eyes. "How can I take pictures if I'm ashamed? My own pictures are for me!"

"You mean you take these pictures out of joy? You mean you can't bear to waste any of the joy on your family, on people of whom you are ashamed?"

Jake shook his head. "No, that isn't it exactly. See, anything I use for one of my own shots—well, I'm not ashamed of it. My own pictures are good. They're—well, they're kind of like proof that I can do one thing as good as a lot of other people can. I hate to tie that one thing up with my family."

"And yet," the doctor said immediately, "your parents are in your plans for future pictures?"

Jake's eyes flickered. "Yeah. One night I almost took pictures of them, too. Boy, what a funny feeling!"

"When was that?" the doctor asked quickly.

"The night Laura went to Washington. I was a little drunk, I guess. I was on my bed and they were in the kitchen, and all of a sudden it was like I was dreaming that I took my camera and walked into the kitchen. I've

wanted to take pictures of Debby, too. I haven't got any captions in my head for hers, though."

"That would be difficult." The doctor smiled. "You don't understand your sister enough for captions."

"Well, do I understand the old man?" Jake demanded. "Or my mother? But I did captions for them."

"Perhaps you do understand them. We'll see."

"WHAT sort of a week have you had?"

"Bad, bad. I've got so damn much to think about. Sometimes I feel as if my head would burst. Debby said not to tell her anything, to talk only to you."

"That makes sense, doesn't it? To talk only to your doctor?"

"Oh, sure. But it feels good to have her know what I'm doing."

"Tell me, Jake, do you like anyone at home?" The doctor was now calling him by his own name.

"Sure. Debby," Jake said after a pause. Then, almost immediately, he cried, "But I don't know why! I don't even understand her. But she's always been so—so strong.

And so damn clean! As far back as I can remember. She's so smart!" He talked faster. "I kind of got to know her when I came in drunk one night. I told you I never get near people unless I've had some drinks."

"Tell me, Jake," the doctor said, "what do you remember about your sister Deborah in her childhood?"

"I don't know too much about that. I never paid a lot of attention to her when she was little."

"Tell me what you do remember."

JAKE remembered that when Debby was a kid, everybody on the street called her Tomboy. He didn't pay much attention to her, but he knew she had a gang and was the leader even though she was the only girl.

She was the little "fixer" in the house. When a screw came off of anything, or the stove wouldn't burn right, Ma always said: "Debby'll fix it." And Debby did. She'd help the old man, too. Help him fix a flat tire on his truck. Everybody took it for granted that Debby would do all these things. And she—well, she always seemed pleased at being asked; proud, kind of.

Funny combination! I mean, when she was in the house and nothing else to do, she was always reading or doing housework. The teachers would always be sending home notes to tell how smart she was, what a wonderful pupil.

There was that clean business she had. She'd take a bath three times a week or more. I used to like to take a bath right after her, she left the tub so white and shining.

After she got a little older, she'd try to do everything she could to keep Ma from crying or worrying. I used to wake up some nights and I'd hear Ma and Debby talking in the living room, where the girls slept.

"Ma, don't worry," Debby would be saying. "Roz'll be home soon. All girls go on dates and stay out late."

After Debby got a little older, those blue, tender, straightforward eyes changed somewhat. There was a hurt look to them sometimes. Jake remembered how she would be sitting in the kitchen with a book. Ma would start, in a low voice, to ask the old man something. The old man laughed silently, went on reading. Ma's voice grew louder. The old man looked annoyed. Finally he would look up. "What do you want from me?" he'd demand in a loud voice. "What do you think, I'm made of money?"

Eventually Ma would start to cry, her hands going up to cover her eyes. She'd run out of the kitchen.

Jake remembered Debby at those times. Her face would turn white. When Ma would run out of the kitchen, she'd look at the old man for a long time as he sat there, reading. Then she'd look at Jake. Her eyes had that look as if something inside of her was hurting terribly.

She grew older. Maybe she was fifteen when she started to shout. He remembered the first time. Ma asked for money—for herself, for a change. Usually she was asking for money to pay for food or shoes for Debby or him. This time she asked for it because she needed a dress. A cousin was going to be married.

"Joseph," Ma said. "It'll be shameful to go in my old clothes. In a hall, Joseph. The whole family will be there. I can't go and be a shame on the wedding."

"So don't go," he said, not once looking up.

Jake had watched Debby's face go dead white. Ma couldn't talk any more. Her mouth twisted, and just then Debby jumped up and her book smashed on the floor.

"Leave her alone!" Debby yelled at the old man. Her voice was hoarse and loud. "Why don't you ever give her anything? Why don't you ever act like a—a husband!"

"Sh," Ma said. "Debby, *shah!*"

Debby turned to Ma. "Why is he like that?" she demanded. "I'm ashamed that he's my father! I hate him!"

The old man started to yell then. "Shut up! Who are you to talk like that? I am your father!"

"I don't want you for my father! You're a dirty, stingy man and you'd better be careful how you treat her. I'll kill you if you make her cry. I'll kill you!"

Then she started to cry terribly hard, shaking all over, her fists all balled up as if she wanted to punch.

After that, Jake noticed, she never helped the old man with the truck. Every once in a while, when he tried anything funny with Ma, Debby would shout at him to leave her alone. Then Debby would walk out of the house, fast, as if unable to remain near anyone at all. Jake would always remember her tortured, hating look at such times. . . .

"WHAT was your feeling toward Deborah when she shouted at your father?"

"I—wished I had done it, I think."

"You envied her. And when she helped your mother, in all those little ways, what was your feeling?"

"What do you mean, Doctor? I never wanted to do those things. Or help the old man with his truck."

"You didn't want to do those things, yet you resented her doing them. Be honest, Jake. You were jealous of her because she had taken your place in the family. She had not usurped that place; it was empty, wasn't it? You couldn't be the son to help your mother or, occasionally, that man you disliked. You couldn't fill that empty place yourself, and yet when Deborah did try to fill it you were jealous. You felt guilty at having forced her into that position. She was taking the place which should have been yours. . . . Isn't that right, Jake?"

"I—don't know."

"Is that why you were afraid of Deborah? Were you afraid that she would take more and more of what was yours?"

"I don't know, Doctor!"

"But now you do know. Now you are beginning to understand. Did you resent her strength in taking that place you could not fill? Did you resent your own weakness next to that strength? Your own carelessness next to her cleanliness? Your own poor marks next to her extremely high school standards? Your own cowardice next to her stand against your father? Did you feel

guilty because you had put yourself in this position and forced Deborah into hers?"

"For God's sake, Doctor!"

"What else do you remember about Deborah, Jake?"

JAKE remembered the night he and Debby had really, finally met.

It was midnight; when he let himself into the living room, that music of hers was coming from the radio, very low, very sad. She was sitting in the big chair, the lamplight coming down on her yellow head.

He sank into the other chair, which stood almost opposite her. "It's wonderful," he stammered, "to come home and find somebody in the house to talk to."

"Yes," she said. "It's nice, isn't it?"

"It's hard for me to talk to people. It's funny! I try like hell, but I just close right up. But I'll take a couple of drinks and then it's easy. Then I can talk."

She was nodding; her eyes were deep and sympathetic, so that he felt wonderfully close to her.

"Listen," Jake said, "all I want to know is, what's it all about? Maybe you know, maybe you'll tell me."

He stared at her, and the blue eyes swam a little, but

he could see how they were deep and full of wanting to cry, and he said hoarsely, "Nothing means anything, that's all. I come home every night, but what for? The old man? Ma? I feel trapped here, just trapped!"

Debby said, "I know how you feel. I used to feel like that. I couldn't understand why I was even living."

He nodded quickly, and she went on. "That's the main thing, isn't it? Trying to figure out what's the point of living this way. No meaning to anything." She hesitated. "It's because you don't understand."

"What's there to understand?" he mumbled.

"Us. Ma and Pa. What's going on in our house. What's going on in the world, and what connection we have with it. Me." Again she hesitated, then she said, "I'd advise you to go to a psychiatrist."

He was horrified. "You think I'm nuts?"

She shook her head. "No, I think you're confused. I went. I wasn't insane, I just didn't see any reason for living. I was sick. I needed a doctor. I had some kind of poison in my head. So I went to a doctor. Wouldn't you go to a doctor if you had flu?"

He nodded, his face red.

"Why was I sick? I hated my father. It seemed to me that my mother was not really a mother, just an old woman who needed my help—and yet I needed her help. My brother, my sisters—I didn't even know them—"

After a while he said to her softly, "Don't stop."

"I think I've known for a long time that you were suffering—inside of you. I know you feel odd about me, Jack. I'm sorry," she told him quickly. "But it's better if I say it out loud. You see, I never said it out loud even to myself until I went to a doctor. I used to think it, and feel it. That I was like—a cripple. Something for people to draw away from. Terribly ashamed."

Jake shoved his head back against the chair. He felt relaxed. "I always wondered why you hung out with colored people."

Her voice, too, was relaxed. "I went to them first because they seemed wounded. I felt that way, too. Wounded. What I called, after a while, people with social wounds. I guess I had to go to them so that I could feel stronger. By feeling not so alone. My doctor helped me figure that out. In those days, I thought of myself as part of any group that was persecuted or looked down on. Jews, Negroes, cripples of any sort. I pitied them, I wanted to help them, I wanted to push them up to where the rest of the world was living."

She smiled. "It was myself I was pitying. That was how it started. After a while, I knew I was part of these people because they were part of the world. But not of a special world. The ordinary world, the whole world. Just as I was part of that world. Nobody had any right to keep that world from me."

"Jews, too," he said very softly.

She nodded. "You too. If you went to my doctor, you'd understand yourself. If you talked to him, asked him questions. Before I went, I used to feel that awful shame Of what I was. Do you know what I felt like? Like I was being wasted. I felt like a—a desert."

"I know how you felt," he broke in eagerly.

"After I went to the doctor, it was so different."

"You weren't afraid after that?"

"It wasn't fear, exactly. I just didn't believe in myself. But that's a kind of fear, too, isn't it?"

He did not have to answer. After a while the clock struck two.

"Tired?" she said. "Don't you want to go to bed?"

He shook his head. "I feel like we just got started."

"Listen, Jack," she said, "I want to talk about Sarah's kids. Our nephews."

And then she told him about the waste of their sister's children.

THE doctor smiled at Jake. "Today we are enemies, aren't we?"

Jake looked back sullenly. "I don't like you today, that's right."

"Why not? What happened?"

"My father, that's what! He's such a cheap guy."

"What's he done?"

"Nothing special. I just don't know how to treat him, to—feel about him. I can't go on hating him."

"Why not? What's changed you?"

Jake's head flung up, his eyes sullen again. "I'm not changed! After all, I don't understand the guy, so how can I go on hating him?"

"What really made you angry?" the doctor said insistently. "What happened last night? It was one of your Friday nights, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. It was nice. Debby and I ate together. Roz came later. I was telling Debby and my mother about how I took the mayor's picture."

"The mayor?"

"Oh sure," Jake said. "I'm always snapping the big shots. The mayor calls me Jack. He likes me. Well, my mother was tickled. Debby wanted to hear, too."

"And then your father burst into your moment of glory and cheapened the whole thing. Was that it?"

Jake swallowed. "That's about it, I guess. I was sore at him to start with. I'd been thinking about what he did to Debby when she was a kid. He was really responsible for putting her on WPA."

"Look here," the doctor said suddenly, "isn't it time you saw this WPA bugbear for what it really was? Exactly what was the shame of being on WPA?"

"Exactly what! Look at the way people laughed at it. It was charity, wasn't it?"

"Was it?" the doctor asked gently. "You talk about wasteland a lot. Try to look at WPA in the light of wasteland. It strikes me our government, in putting millions of men and women to work, used WPA to put an end to wasteland. Not only the wasteland of people, but of forests and cities, and of literature and theater, too."

Jake flushed. "I used to read about that, yeah."

"This WPA you think was so shameful was given to

your family to help them climb up out of their own wasteland. Do you see that at all? Forget the way people laughed. Understand it. The people who laughed never did understand it."

Jake's breath puffed out. "God, a guy can be dumb!"

"A guy can find it difficult simply to understand," the doctor said. "He's ashamed of too much, to begin with; and then there's all that laughter. Too many people want to jeer at a thing. It's easy for him to listen to all those people."

"But even so, the old man wasn't anybody to like. He was weak, wasn't he? He just did everything his mother told him."

"Where did you get that?" the doctor asked very quickly. "You haven't mentioned your grandmother."

Jake looked confused. "Well, I never knew too much about her. I never really cared." He lit a cigarette. "I got the story from Debby. All about my father and mother when they were—young."

"What made you ask her?"

"I don't know. I wanted to know about them." Suddenly he asked, "Why did I want to know, all of a sudden?"

"You're looking for the roots of your life. Of your self. You've never before wanted to find the source of anything, have you?"

"No," Jake said eagerly. "But it's interesting stuff! I knew Debby would know. She and my mother always talk a lot. I asked her Monday night. I'd had a couple of drinks." His eyes softened. "Then I asked her if she knew anything about Ma and Pa before we were born."

"And the story Deborah told you?"

"Little bits of this and that. Most of them were about my mother. She went through a lot of hell. She married him in Russia. They were both born there." His voice was very soft. "Her name is Esther, did I tell you? His is Joseph. She was very pretty when she was a girl. Debby saw a picture of her."

Jake looked dazedly at the doctor. "I'd like to have taken pictures of them. They'd make real art. That domineering grandmother of mine, the old man, my mother getting off the ship, looking around at the new country, scared to death but not showing it."

"You'd take pictures of your father? Hating him the way you do?"

Jake flushed. "Hating him? He's kind of a pitiful guy. Whatever the old lady said, he did. He's somebody you can feel kind of sorry for."

The doctor tapped his pen against the notebook. "One doesn't hate anyone for whom he feels sorry."

"Well, I mean you hate somebody who makes trouble deliberately. That poor sap just didn't know how to do anything. He was so busy following his mother's finger he couldn't see his own wife or his kids. See?"

"No. Can you make it a little clearer?"

Jake hunched up at the edge of his chair. "Well, the old man—and my mother—they were sort of a wasteland, too. She married him even though she didn't love him. They came to America just because the *Buba,* his mother, said it was a good idea."

"You call their lives a wasteland," the doctor said. "Do you see anything at all admirable in those lives? For example, did it take courage for those people to go to a strange land, to uproot all their ties, to leave friends and family? Did it take courage and faith for your mother to follow your father to a strange land?"

"Faith," Jake said in a strange, low voice.

JAKE was sitting in the living room when Roz came home, and then Debby. He was reading the final, and he heard the dishes rattle in the kitchen, and knew they were eating what he already had eaten.

Then, from the open doorway, Deborah said, "John, do you want to drive Ma and me over to Sarah's?"

His mouth went dry. "Roz takes her on Fridays, doesn't she?"

"But Roz hasn't the time tonight. I thought it would be a good chance for you to see the kids."

Ma came in from the kitchen. Her peering eyes looked a little frightened. "I'll go on the streetcar," she said hesitantly.

"Don't be silly," Jake said stiffly. "Certainly I'll take her. . . ."

He followed Debby and their mother up two flights of stairs in a close, musty hall. He began to hear the shouting and cursing halfway up the second flight.

"It's Bernie," their mother said angrily. "Listen to that! It's a shame for the neighbors, that's all!"

Jake's stomach quivered. He wanted to run back into the safety of his car. He could be downtown in twenty-five minutes, sitting at the bar of the Brass Rail.

Debby and the peering, anxious woman were waiting for him outside a door at the head of the stairs. The quarreling was very near, behind the door. Jake heard a woman's anguished voice crying: "Just take him away from me, that's all! All my suffering comes from him!"

Then Bernie's voice shouted, "Why the hell should I let him hit me?"

A man's voice cried furiously, "Bernie, you want the strap?"

Then a horn began outside the apartment, and Jake thought, My God, let me out of here. Before I have to see them. What does she want me to do?

Deborah, with a smile, stepped back from the door just as it opened and Leah came running out.

She stopped. "Oh, Debby!" she said breathlessly, then the horn started again. "That's for me. Good-by!"

She clattered down the steps. Sarah's fleshy face, the eyes puffed and tearful, appeared at the door. Her eyes looked frightened as she saw Jake.

Debby said, very gaily, "John drove us over, Sarah. He hasn't seen all of you for such a long time."

Then they were inside the flat. Jake saw a tiny living room, a gray ceiling pressing down on too many pieces of shabby furniture.

Max's voice boomed, "Well, well, if it isn't Jake. Hello, stranger."

Jake turned to Max, who was sitting in front of the radio. "How are you?" he said, his face reddening.

He became aware of the kids; Allen, a skinny, tall boy with very quick, sly eyes, Bernie, sullen, his face badly pimpled. His eyes, which would not meet Jake's, seemed odd.

THE next hour passed very slowly, in unreal fashion. Jake found himself in a cluttered kitchen, sitting at a table. Sarah served tea, cut uneven slabs of a sponge cake for them. Allen stood in the doorway staring at them, but Bernie was not to be seen.

"Where's Bernie?" Debby said.

Allen giggled. "He ran away. He's afraid of you."

"He is?" Debby asked with a smile.

"Sure! Ma always says she'll tell Debby when he does something bad. He doesn't want you to holler at him. He wants you to like him." He spoke very quickly, a lisp running over the entire swift pattern.

"What happened tonight, Sarah?" Debby asked.

"What, what!" Sarah cried. "It's always Bernie. You don't even have to ask. He fights with everybody. Nobody is too old, too big. His father, his sister! Everybody's property is his."

"He and Leah were fighting," Allen said eagerly, "and I laughed at him, so he turned around and smacked me. What he does all the time, he makes fun of the way I talk, that's what."

"What did you call him?" Debby asked quietly.

Allen shrank back. "I didn't! Ma and Leah, they called him cockeyed. So he slaps me!"

"After you laughed at him?"

Jake lit cigarettes helplessly, smoked them fast, his eyes jumping from one strange face to another. The hot dual gush of Yiddish and English flowed at him.

Eventually, Debby stood up. "I'm tired," she said. "Ma, you're tired, too. Let's go home."

Jake slid some coins into Allen's little wet hand, then followed Debby into the living room. He stood helplessly at the door.

"Sarah," Debby was saying in a low voice, "give the kid a chance, will you? If all of you would only quit tormenting him."

And then, after a long time, Jake was behind the wheel of his car, Debby next to him, their mother silent near

the door. The cool night air rushed in. The clean, swirling wind said over and over: Wasteland, wasteland.

Halfway home, Jake said brusquely, "For God's sake, what's the matter with his eyes? He never looks at you!"

"Would you look at anyone if you were cross-eyed?" Debby said steadily.

In the kitchen, the old man was sipping tea from his thin glass, the newspaper spread close to it. He did not look up as they came in, and Jake walked quickly into his bedroom, lay face downward on the bed.

He felt intensely depressed, more helpless than he had felt for a long time. Then his mind reached out, clutched at the idea of the doctor. The darkness within him took on substance, shape; suddenly he could name it, face it, because it was no longer a nameless, vaporous thing.

He got off the bed, went toward the living room. Passing the kitchen, he saw them at either end of the table, reading the newspaper they had divided between them.

Debby looked up from the book. Her eyes pitied him. "I have a hunch Bernie ran off to the movies," she said.

Jake sat in the chair opposite hers.

"I imagine," she went on, "the kid feels that a lot of people are laughing at him. Maybe because of his eyes. That's a good reason for feeling different." Her voice deepened with the pity. "Maybe he's ashamed of his parents."

Jake winced. After a while, he said, "Debby, do you think Ma and Pa would mind if I took their pictures?"

"I think they'd love it." She was smiling.

He went to his room for the camera. Standing at the threshold of the kitchen, a wave of shyness rose in him. Watching their old bodies hunched over the newspapers, the thick, short shadows flickering on the wall, he felt as though he were repeating motions and steps made familiar by a dream.

"Ma," he said. "You, too, Pa."

They looked up, the old man's eyes curious, his mother's startled.

He walked toward them, the camera in one hand, steps well dreamed, coming closer and closer to the faces and eyes out of that same dream. "I want to take pictures of you," he said shyly. . . .

THE evening caught up with him after he had gone to bed. For a long time he tried to touch the idea of the doctor. Nothing but the formless, terrible miasma moved under the fingers of his mind. Little, flicking tongues of things came and went: Bernie's sullen eyes, which would not look at anyone for more than an instant, Allen's skinny, eager face, his tumbling, cascading words.

The clock struck three, and Jake got out of bed, swung his arms blindly into his bathrobe, and left the room. He was frightened. The idea of the doctor was as unreal as the night in which he stood immersed. Only one person was alive in that night. He ran toward the living room, where Debby slept. "Debby!"

She was awake immediately. In an instant she had snapped on the reading lamp. "Sit down, Jack."

It was better as soon as he could see the clean, sharp lines of her head and face.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," he cried frantically. "I can't forget that—that house."

"Why should you forget it? It belongs to you, too."

"What do you expect me to do?" he said. "Did you see Sarah? What good can anybody do her?"

"Her children, not her." Debby's eyes were stern. "But let me tell you something, Jack! Help Bernie, help Allen, and you'll be helping Sarah too. She lives for them."

"She!" he cried. "Why does she let herself look like that? So fat! Her teeth. Why, they're all rotten!"

Debby's eyes crashed into his. "Listen, sonny." Her voice slapped at him. "Let me remind you that Sarah comes from this house, too. The old man is her father, too. She's the oldest, she's had a bigger bellyful than you ever will. I won't have you talking like a smug fool about somebody who knew this house before you were born! Every dirty, lonely inch of it!"

"Why does she scream and curse that way?"

"Maybe because life is a rotten, lousy trap for her! Maybe she's scared, and tired, and lonely. You want to run away to the army. She screams, instead."

After a while, she said, "I'm sorry, Jack. I had no right to say that about you and the army."

"It isn't just running away. Listen, Debby," he said very eagerly, "that army business. I want to get into this war, Debby. I've got a right to be in it."

The blueness warmed. "Yes, you have."

She offered him a cigarette. The fear had gone.

"AND after Debby talked about Sarah, I felt better." Jake's voice was still excited. His fingers seemed to prickle as they touched the package lying on his thighs.

"That's when you phoned me?" the doctor asked.

"Yeah. It was like I believed in you again, but I had to hear you to make sure. God, how I felt before Debby gave me hell! I just didn't believe in anything. Not you, either."

"And today?"

"Today is Saturday. You're real today!" Jake reached for a cigarette. "I'd like to get sort of better acquainted with those kids. Bernie, especially."

"Do you have any plans for that kid, Bernie?"

Jake hesitated. "No, not yet. I'll have to figure out something really good. You see, he's such a tough kid. I mean, the way he looks at you. You can tell he doesn't trust anybody."

"Maybe he'd like to trust somebody. You?"

"Maybe he'd take it from me." Jake's hands fiddled with the string around the package. "Say," he said abruptly, "I brought you something to see."

He snapped the thin string, pushed back the wrapping paper, and took several photographs from the pile disclosed. Silently he slid them across the desk.

After a moment, the doctor said, "You took these last night?" He turned one toward Jake. "This is remarkably good."

"Think so? I'm calling it AMERICANS IN KITCHEN, EVENING. Do you really think it's good?"

"Very." The doctor turned another print toward him. "And what are you calling this one?"

"YOUNG WRITER. Do you like that one?"

"That's a fine picture. Of a very fine-looking young woman."

"Debby takes a swell picture," Jake said. "I'm going to take plenty more of her." He was thumbing through the prints. "I went to the morgue this morning after I developed the stuff I took last night. I picked out a few things from my collection I thought you'd be interested in." He slid several prints along the desk.

"What's this one?" the doctor asked.

"That's near where they've put up a housing project."

"I didn't think you'd be too interested in photographing Negroes."

"Oh, sure. They make marvelous shots."

Jake reached into the inside pocket of his jacket and drew out a five-by-seven print; he slid it over to the doctor. "See any difference between that and the others?"

"Yes. It seems different. Almost as if another photographer had taken it."

"I took it, all right," Jake said, his mouth tight. "What do you mean, different?"

"A different mood, perhaps. But then, it's as if she's of an entirely different type, or, let's say, class of people than these others."

"That's just not one of my own pictures," Jake said, "I took it, and I tried to do a good portrait, too."

"It is a good portrait," the doctor insisted. "It seems a little—thin. The others seem warm."

"That's Laura. I've taken lots of shots of her, but not one ever looked like my own. It used to worry me."

"Does it still?"

"No." Jake took the picture of Deborah from the doctor. He set it down, carefully placed the portrait of Laura next to it, hung over them with squinted eyes.

"No, it doesn't worry me any more. Some people are for me, some aren't, I guess." He smiled.

NOW, almost suddenly, the room had become a peaceful place, to which one could always come back, every week. It had been a long time since Jake had felt frightened sitting here, or so it seemed.

"I had two drinks before I came here. Not that I wanted them. I just wanted to try them out."

"Did they do anything in particular?"

"No. It isn't as if I sat there drinking them down. You know, six or seven of them."

The doctor smiled. "Why didn't you go on drinking?"

"I didn't want any more."

"You've learned quite a bit about yourself, Jake. And about your family. Has it made very much difference in the way you think?"

"Yes, I feel sort of different," Jake said slowly. "In my work, mostly. When I take pictures now, I feel as if I don't have to be afraid to go the limit."

"What do you mean, go the limit?"

"Photograph way down. Into people's eyes, the way they're really feeling and thinking. Photograph their—what Debby calls their soul. I never had the guts to do that. I was wasting a hundred shots a day."

The doctor was smiling gravely. "So we come back to that word wasteland, don't we?"

"Yeah. That's some word, isn't it?" He lit a cigarette, his gestures cramped and closed suddenly.

"What are you thinking, Jake? Care to tell me?"

"About Sarah. Her wasteland. How it came from Ma and Pa. How it got together with Max. With his wasteland. How it starts up in Sarah's and Max's kids. And Bernie and Allen grow up. They get married. Maybe their kids get born into the middle of that same wasteland."

THE quiet voice caught at him. "What if Bernie and Allen are stopped now? Their lives directed? Someone dominant enough to push them away from it?"

"I don't know. Where will they get that push?"

"What about you? Could you do the pushing now?"

Jake put out his cigarette. When he looked up, his eyes were full of tears.

"What is it? Do you want to tell me?"

"Sure, sure!" He reached into his pocket, brought out a folded piece of paper. "It's a composition," he said fiercely, wiping his eyes with the back of one hand. "The teacher gave them a subject. 'My Ideal.' "

"Bernie?"

"Allen! That little, skinny thing. He got an A on it. Listen to what that kid wrote: 'My ideal is my Uncle Jack. He is a photographer for the *Register*. When he was a small boy he started selling papers and because he worked so hard and was so cheerful they asked him if he wanted to be a copy boy. By the time he was eighteen he was a cub reporter. When a big hospital burned he was the only one who dared to go inside the burning building with a gas mask and take pictures.' "

He made a helpless gesture. "I wasn't the only one!"

"Please go on," the doctor said.

" 'My uncle took pictures of all the big events in our city and even went with our ball team every spring when they took their training in Florida. Every summer he goes to Mexico and takes pictures of the people and the country. When he comes home he always has some presents for us."

He read, " 'He takes pictures of our family with his camera. Whenever we go to his office we meet all his friends who like him very much. I think anyone who is so well liked is someone I would want for my ideal.' " Jake's voice faltered. " 'It is his brave ways and his kindness that make me admire him and I hope that I can be just like him when I grow up. That is why my Uncle Jack is my ideal. By Allen Radin.' "

He could not raise his eyes. He felt desperately ashamed, and yet excited, too.

"You're pleased, aren't you?" the doctor said. "Because this isn't wasteland. Your nephew is full of a very creative imagination. And also he is very fond of you, isn't he?"

"Yeah," Jake stammered. "He and Bernie—they want all those things from me, don't they? I've got to figure out some way of getting along with them."

"Your sister gets along with them, doesn't she?"

"Who, Roz?" Jake said fiercely.

"I meant your sister Deborah," the doctor said. "Do you dislike Roz so much?"

"Wouldn't you be ashamed of a sister who served drinks in a joint like the Glens?"

"No, I don't think so. Is she earning her living by waiting on people?"

"Sure, she's earning it."

"Are you afraid of her wasteland, too?" the impersonal voice said. "Is it wasteland?"

"What else would you call it?"

"Has Deborah ever spoken of being ashamed of Roz? And Deborah is a sensitive enough judge of things, isn't she? Do you want to talk about Roz now?"

"Yeah," Jake said heavily, "Maybe I can figure it out if I talk about it. The way I did with Debby and my mother. And the old man. I don't see Roz much. I never go to the Glens. Sure, the newspaper gang hangs out there a lot. but I stay away. I let well enough alone. This one particular night I couldn't help myself. I was with Katherine and Wally Lowell—he used to be my boss when I was on the sports desk. We had Carol Armstrong along, too. She's a model, a swell-looking girl. Well, we got pretty tanked up at Kathy's place, then Wally wanted to go out and do the town. We piled into his car and ended up at the Glens. It was jammed. . . ."

AT THE Glens a feeling of fear settled on Jake's chest. He stared about him so wildly that Kathy leaned close to him and cried, "Jack, are you sick?"

"Who's playing?" he said. "That's marvelous music."

"Cody Anderson's outfit, right out of New York."

"Jack," Wally broke in, "what are you drinking? The waitress finally condescended to see us."

It was Roz. Naturally! Of all the waitresses in the jammed, casual, noisy room, it had to be Roz.

His head felt swimming and hot. He sat staring at her, waiting for her to greet him, to tell that she was his sister. He could not move an inch from her, the green, beautifully fitting slacks, an orange sheer blouse, the narrowed eyes in a smiling face.

"Hey, Jack," Wally bellowed. "You drunk already? Tell this beautiful gal what you're drinking!"

"Scotch and water," he said, looking into her eyes.

"Scotch and water." Roz turned to the others.

Jake shrank back. She wasn't going to let on! He watched her swaying hips and provoking walk as she moved toward the bar. With a kind of anguish, he heard Wally say, "Some stuff!"

Then the green-and-orange colors were back, and when he looked up Roz's cold, smiling face swam before him. Her eyes seemed full of dislike, and he thought confusedly, What, is she ashamed of me? She looks as if she doesn't want anything to do with me!

Then the provocative walk disappeared again.

Carol and Wally were dancing. When Jake looked again, the room seemed full of undulating waves of orange and green, one wave shimmering into the next. That was the last thing he saw before he passed out. . . .

"I DIDN'T have the nerve to say she was my sister. In front of my best friends. I was ashamed of her."

"You were ashamed of *her*. Was there any shame of yourself mixed into your emotions? You've always acted toward Roz in the traditional, older-brother way?"

"What? I never had anything to do with her. She went her own way. She was out in the streets when she was only twelve. Running after every bum she saw."

"Running away from a lovely, comfortable home? A home to which she could invite her friends?"

"What?"

"Running away from her brother, who was friendly, who gave her advice, who laughed with her, who helped her with homework? Out she went every night, to escape from a gay, laughter-filled house, eh?"

"All right, it was dark and dirty there. It was my mother crying for money and the old man laughing his no to her! All right, but why didn't Debby run to the bums? Why didn't I run to bright lights and music? Why only Roz? . . . Hell, I'm sorry. That's a pretty dopey thing to say, isn't it? Debby goes one way, I go another, Roz goes a third. What was *I* supposed to do about it?"

"Are you asking me, or yourself?"

"Sure, I could have said to her, 'Roz, let me help you.' But I had my own troubles. I was a kid. All I knew was, I was ashamed of the whole bunch."

"But you're not a kid now. You're not ashamed of them now, are you? Now that you understand them?"

"No."

"But you continue to be ashamed of Roz? . . . This life of hers, this woman she has turned out to be, did she pick it all by herself? Did anyone try to keep her from being pushed into her kind of life? Did you?"

"Me? What did I have to do with it?"

"There must be a specific reason for your shame. Can you think of the reason?"

"Yes, yes! Yes, I know what it was. I know, all right! It's just hard to say, that's all. Sure, I'm ashamed. I didn't make a single move to stop her. Why shouldn't she have run away!"

GOSH, it was so easy! After all his worrying, after his dopey attempts to sort of rehearse what he was going to say to the kid. Then it turns out to be easy.

He gave Bernie the package in the car. "Birthday present," he said. "Plus this fight we're going to."

"How'd you know about my birthday?" Bernie demanded. Then he giggled. "Oh, Debby must've told you."

"Why don't you open it? Sure, Debby told me."

The string broke, paper tore, and then Bernie said, "Hot dogs! Hey, how'd you know I like to draw?"

"Debby," Jake said, smiling.

Then the easy part, or the natural part, that is, began; His chest tight, Jake said lightly, "Say, Bernie, why don't you call me by my right name? Call me Jake."

"Jake? Everybody calls you Jack, don't they?"

"Oh, Jack's a nickname," Jake said, swinging the wheel. "Might as well call me the right thing, huh?"

After a long silence, Bernie said, "I never saw a real, professional fight before. Who do you think is going to win, the nigger? Or this guy Levine?"

Jake did not know whether to say it now, or later, or not at all. "The papers say Johnson might."

It was easy, so easy. In the jammed Arena, Jake showed his sports desk pass and the usher led them to the first row, and Bernie whispered, "Boy oh boy, we're right on top of them!" And in the kid's eyes, Jake saw how easy it was, how wonderful life could be.

Then the familiar, smacking thud of gloves against flesh, the intricate, trained steps made by the two men's feet, the rising and falling roar of voices; and then Bernie's excited, tense whisper came to flick at the feeling of ease: "Gee, I hope the Jewish guy beats the nigger!"

Jake's heart sank. Now what?

"Don't call him a nigger," he whispered. "He's a wonderful boxer. What's the difference what color he is? You want a guy to win because he's the best guy, don't you? Not because he's a Jew?"

Johnson won by a knockout. Bernie's face turned toward Jake. His eyes were moist. "Boy!" he cried.

They had ice cream, in the drugstore next to the Arena.

"Are you going to be a soldier, Jake?" Bernie asked.

"Yeah, I think so."

Bernie's eyes stuck to his, a deeply excited look in them. "I'd be a Marine." He almost whispered it.

And in the car it was easy again. It was easy to say carelessly, "How about some glasses, kid?"

"Nah," Bernie cried very quickly. "I don't want any glasses. What the hell good are glasses?"

That was easy, too. "I was talking to the military editor on the paper," Jake said. "He was discussing the exams they put the guys through. They've got some pretty stiff physical qualifications. The toughest outfit to get into is the Marines. But I guess you know that."

"Sure I know," Bernie said bitterly. "What in hell am I supposed to do? Think I want an operation?"

"Who said anything about an operation?"

"Aw, Leah did. And my mother."

"Listen," Jake said earnestly, "I'll make a bargain, Bernie. We'll go to that eye doctor. If he says you need an operation, well then, the hell with it—we go home and

forget all about your eyes. But if he says all you need is glasses, you get the glasses and I pay for the whole shooting match. What do you say? Is it a bargain?"

"Aw, nuts! Bet you fifty cents it's an operation."

"O. K., it's a bet. Fifty cents it's only glasses. Shake on it," Jake said, and they shook hands.

Jake lit a cigarette. "How about if I try and get you a job working for the *Register*? Saturdays. You could help out on the delivery truck, maybe."

Bernie was stunned. "You kidding, Jake?"

"No, I'm not kidding."

It was not too easy to think, at that moment, of how he would go to the boss and say, "This is my nephew, Bernie. Want to put him to work?"

Well, what would the boss and the department see? A big, hulking kid with a pimply face and cross-eyes. Maybe he'd be wearing glasses by then. A kid in sloppy clothes, his neck dirty. So what?

When they got to the apartment, Bernie took his package and eased out of the car.

"Good-by, kid. Tell your mother about it now, will you? The whole works, glasses and job, too. I'll call you up tomorrow to see how you made out. O. K.?"

"O. K.," Bernie said.

Jake drove off. Easy? God, how easy, how tough, how he was sweating about the whole evening. . . .

"AND the hell of it is," Jake continued, "it was only the first little step. I realize that. I realize I'm not going to change that kid overnight."

"But you do expect to change him?"

Jake liked the way the doctor was smiling. "Yeah. He paid me off. That fifty-cent bet."

"By the way, what made you set that doctor's appointment for Saturday, at three o'clock?"

"What?" As the doctor's smile deepened, Jake began to smile. "Must be I was missing my Saturday here."

Then he scowled. "Say, does that mean I'm going to depend on you for the rest of my life?"

"I wouldn't worry about it. The rest of your life is a long time. Don't you think it's natural to cling to your physician during the period of convalescence?"

"Convalescence?"

"You're well on your way. Aren't you?"

"Yeah, I suppose. I feel pretty good, all right."

The office seemed very quiet. Jake took a deep, satisfying breath.

"I did a couple of other things since the last time I saw you," he said. "You want to hear about them?"

"Yes, of course."

"Roz." Jake shook his head. "That wasn't easy. I had—a—tough time, Doctor. . . ."

"COME on, we're going out. The drinks are on me. I'm celebrating."

Wally and Kathy look at you. "Celebrating what?"

"Life. Want to help me celebrate?"

You're driving. You go, straight as a line, to the Glens. You stroll in, Wally and Kathy behind you.

Wally says, "Want to sit at the bar? Pretty jammed."

"Nothing doing," you say. "Wait for me here."

You go up to a guy, slip him a buck. "Look, we want a table for three. And we want Roz to wait on us."

It's really easy. You feel like you're walking and talking in a dream, but look how easy it is. The guy takes you to a table. You're sitting there, Wally on one side, Kathy on the other. You're laughing. Then, all of a sudden, she's there. "What'll it be?"

"Johnny Walker," Kathy says.

"O. K. for me, too," Wally says.

Roz is looking at you. Easy? You stand up. "Hello, Roz," you say, and you can feel how Wally and Kathy are staring from you to Roz and back again. She's wearing something bright and full of colors. Her hair is up, so blond, and she's made up to kill.

"Hello," she says. Maybe she thinks you're drunk.

You walk around the table, and then you're standing next to her. "Roz, I want you to meet two of my friends, Wally Lowell and Katherine Adams. They work on the paper with me." You look across the table. "Wally, Kat, I want you to meet my sister, Roz Stern."

"How do you do." That's Kathy right away.

And Roz says, "How do you do."

Wally is standing. He makes kind of a bow. "This is a pleasure. Jack's sister. This is really a pleasure."

You look at Roz. What do you see in her eyes? She's smiling and saying, "Did you ever see a fuller house?"

But her eyes. Are you imagining? It's like her eyes opened, changed, became—well, somebody you never saw.

"Aren't you drinking, Jack?" she says, and you say, "Oh sure, I'll have some Scotch. With water, Roz."

"In a minute." She's gone. You sit down. You take out a cigarette, and somebody strikes a match. Your heart—hurts. You bend toward the match. Kathy's holding it. Her eyes are nice. Soft, with kind of a smile.

"She's sweet," Kathy says, blowing out the light.

"Damn good-looking girl," Wally says.

And then, suddenly, it's not so hard any more. Your voice comes out, you hear it, and it's the way you wanted it to sound. "Roz? Swell kid. Been supporting herself for years. She's the spunkiest one in the family."

Wally starts talking about baseball and spring training, and then Roz shows up with the drinks. "Sorry I can't stay. Have fun!" then she's gone again.

Kathy picks up her drink, holds it out. "Here's to it. Whatever we're celebrating."

What are you celebrating? Ten thousand things. But tonight only one. Tonight, drink to your sister Roz, and how you called her sister. Tonight, drink to the look in Roz's eyes, whatever it was. Maybe it was a look of calling you brother.

"OF COURSE," Jake said, "I know I may not go right away. But I wanted to enlist on my birthday. And I can keep seeing you until I actually have to go."

The doctor said, "How do you feel about being so far away from this room? From your physician?"

Jake had turned rather pale. "I've been thinking about that. It's going to be tough. Not even in the same city. I've been wondering if I'll be all right away from here."

"You know," the doctor said gently, "if you ever get stuck, you can always phone me, or write to me."

Jake grinned then. "I'll bet it's natural for a guy to feel this way! Kind of like a baby learning to walk."

"It's quite natural. You know," the quiet voice went on, "you're walking very well indeed."

"Yeah!" Jake scowled thoughtfully. He relaxed in the chair. He was silent for a long time then, his eyes dreaming on the window behind the desk.

After a while, the voice caught softly at him. "Did it work out all right, Jake—about going away?"

He nodded. "I feel good about it," he said. "Very good. We had the Seder Tuesday night. . . .

WAS he imagining the new gaiety, the new laughter? Had he dreamed up the new expressions on faces? Even the old man seemed dignified, the little black prayer cap accentuating his white hair, the gaunt, sharp-boned, look of his freshly shaved face.

Jake had come home first, and in the kitchen his mother was shelling hard-boiled eggs. Her head came up and her eyes held the familiar peering, half-startled look. "Maybe you want to eat supper right away?"

"Heck, no," he cried. "I'll eat at the Seder."

He was out of the shower in five minutes. Grinning at himself, he got into his best suit, then spent several minutes matching tie, socks, and handkerchief.

When Debby came home, he said to her, "Listen, I want a couple of pictures with everybody around the table. Before the Seder starts."

"O. K.," she said. "That'll be easy." She grinned at him. "Hey, many happy returns of the day, kiddo!"

"Thanks."

"Jake, did you do it?"

"Yeah." He smiled soberly. "Signal Corps."

"Best of luck! The very best, Jake!"

He walked slowly into the living room with his camera, Debby's words rolling through his mind.

Easy to take these pictures he had always been afraid to take. Easy to sit at this table he had been afraid to face all these years. Easy to leave the house and yet to know he need not leave it, to know that it was not dragging at him with chains of mother and iron balls of obligation never faced and never met.

Sitting there, he remembered some of the words he had read so many times in the *Haggadah*. "Because we were slaves unto Pharaoh in Egypt, and the Eternal, Our God, brought us forth thence with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm."

Because we were slaves unto wasteland, he thought.

He was still sitting there when Roz came home.

Was he imagining the warm look in Roz's eyes? "Hi! How are your friends Miss Adams and Mr. Lowell?"

"Oh, they're swell. They liked you."

Easy? Jake's face felt hot as he fumbled with the camera. Easy? Now the family was sitting around the table, and the old man was turning pages in the big, shabby book.

He took the first shot from the living room, facing the old man at the head of the table. At the flash, Debby cried gaily, "We're going to be famous. Look, Pa."

The old man looked up, blinked. "We have to start now," he said hesitantly, but he looked pleased.

Jake worked quickly, shooting once from the opposite direction and once from on top of a chair.

And then the Seder had begun.

Jake followed the words in the column of English. "Blessed art thou, O Eternal, our God, King of the Universe, who has preserved us alive; sustained us, and brought us to enjoy this season. . . ."

He watched his father pick up the dish containing the bone and the egg. As the chant began again, he watched his mother fill each wineglass to the brim. Inside of him, a quiet, tremulous voice said, Oh God—.

Then his father said, "Well, Jake, ask the questions."

He stood up, began reading to them with all his heart: "Wherefore is this night distinguished from all other nights? . . ."

THE END

Puzzle 34 10/19/46

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

BLIND ADVENTURE by **Monroe L. Fox** is the touching auto-biographical account of a sailor who lost his sight at Iwo Jima.

Monroe Fox is not a writer, but his courage and humor make this book memorable reading. Blessed with a wonderfully understanding wife and mother, his adjustment to civilian life as a blind man was made without dramatics. When his wife, Shirleye, told their six-year-old son that his father was blind; "Skipper sat there for a moment in silence thinking over what she had just told him. Then he looked up at his mother and said, 'Mommy, does that mean that Daddy is coming home now?'

Monroe L. Fox

"She told him that it did, and he said, 'Well, isn't that the most important thing?' "

It was Shirleye Fox who encouraged Skipper to play at being a blind man. He learned then how startled he was when someone unexpectedly touched his face, and when his father came back Skipper was very careful, even in their most strenuous roughhouse, to avoid touching his father's face or eyes.

Fox says, "Blindness and other handicaps are hard to take at first, but they're just one more test of courage, and the sightless or handicapped person can lead a normal life if he'll make up his mind to do it."

J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, New York. Price $2.

LOUISE BAKER'S Out on a Limb is another first-hand account of a triumph over a physical handicap. The author of Party Line lost a leg in a bicycle accident when she was a child. Her Spartan parents resolutely let young Louise try to do anything she wanted to do with the result that she became an adept roller skater and tennis player on two crutches.

She became so efficient with her crutches, as a matter of fact, that she preferred them to an artificial limb, and it wasn't until threatened with brachial paralysis that she abandoned her crutches and then it was to wear a peg leg, which an old prospector had told her was the only prop for a working man.

Louise Baker

Miss Baker says that "the years from fourteen to eighteen are probably the darkest ones that a handicapped person must struggle through." She came through them triumphantly with a male following, but, alas, a long-haired, intellectual one. Finally she broke down and wailed to her sister, " 'Oh, Bernice, do you think with only one leg I'll ever get a really wonderful man without brains?' "

Out on a Limb is gay and courageous. Miss Baker writes: "Quite a bit of good has come from my being handicapped. For one thing, I can't possibly imagine what in heaven's name there would have been to put in this, my autobiography, if I'd had two feet."

Whittlesey House, New York. Price $2.

GUTHRIE BURTON, the poetess who is also known as Ruth Guthrie Harding, has written a delightful book of rambling reminiscences called **Three Parts Scotch.** She calls her book an informal biography, but what she has done is to string on a slight chronological thread ancedotes and memories that cover half a century.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, New York. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

S	A	L	O	M	E		S	C	R	A	P	E		
A	M	A	Z	O	N		C	L	O	V	E	R		
M	A	C	O	N			O	P	E	R	A			
		K	N	E	W		D	U	E	S				
B	A		E	Y	E	L	I	D	S		T	H		
U	G	H		S	A	I	L	S		B	O	O		
R	E	I	D		T	V	A		M	O	O	R		
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S	L	I	N	G				U	N	I	T	E		
H	A	N	D	L	E		A	G	I	L	E	R		
Y	E	S	S	E	R		R	E	C	E	D	E		

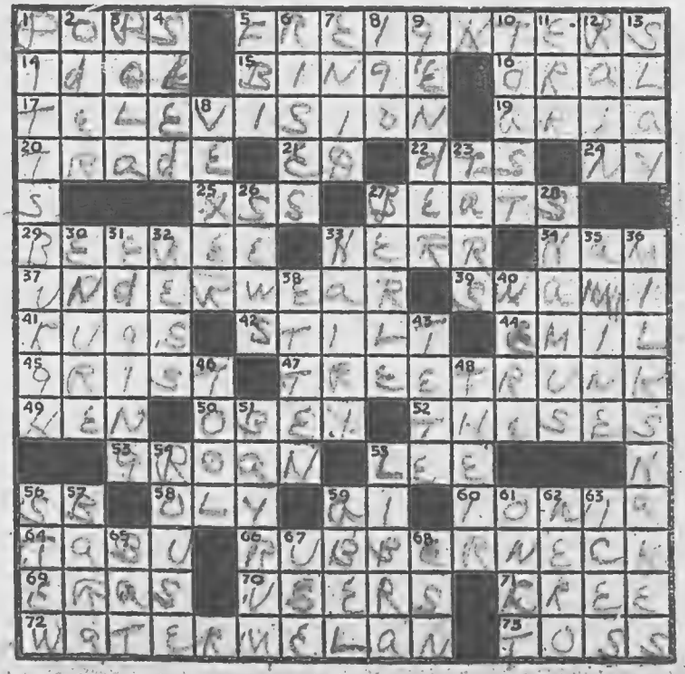
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 What Mr. Bigmouth does off
5 It's down the old hatch with these tramps, get a load on, and go places
14 Kind of rich who live on Olympus
15 It's down the old hatch, get a load on, and sail with three sheets in the wind
16 What Mrs. Bigmouth is most
17 Device that will bring Gypsy Rose Lee right in my house (I hope)
19 Puccini's specialty
20 *Rated* an exchange (anag.)
21 Ye mag pilot (abbr.
22 Fantasies of the spirit (abbr.)
24 The Big Town (abbr.)
25 Jammed-up overindulgences
27 Strikes
29 Pair of stingers
33 Call me mister, says the Kraut
34 No matter how thin you slice it, it's not baloney!
37 What the well-dressed man won't be seen wearing this year
39 "Way down upon the —— River!" sang Dumb Dora
41 Indoor lawns
42 Original elevator shoe
44 Looking backward, he's a little squirt
45 Daily grind at the mill
47 Many a man has carved his name, love, and heart on this (two words)
49 This old cluck'll work for chicken feed
50 Do as you're told
52 What Ph.D.s doodle; cranium compositions
53 Stomach complaint
55 A headache for Lincoln
56 Shane's Balmy (or is it brilliant?) (abbr.)
58 Sicred to a cockney
59 It's slothful but perfection itself
60 Greek colony, or the cry of possession
64 Kind of thing it's fun to do
66 Protrude the dome from the collar, gawp the mouth and pop the eyeball
69 *Ares* survives all peaceful ones (anag.)
70 Ads are *ruses* to snag employers (anag.)
71 Thing it used to be the land of the, and home of the brave
72 Cucumber after inflation arrives
73 Have a fling

VERTICAL

1 Smudgeville—its future is black
2 Aromatic river of Germany
3 La Negri
4 The S.S. Bellywhopper
5 The I that never closes (abbr.)
6 Sits on a tack
7 She means to put on the feedbag backward
8 What egotists say leaving home (two words)
9 This is both masculine, feminine, and neuter
10 Drunk at night, crusty in the morning
11 What good shortstops rarely do
12 Sky sweat
13 Take Life, possibly lose Liberty
18 Annoying person
23 They're out for the union jack
26 Welds the splits in the chassis covering
27 A Hope-ful comedian
28 O'Toole's front moniker
30 Come into operation
31 What people who hem end things with
32 Queen with essex appeal
33 What her dweat big fuzzy-wuzzy mans was; kind of plush-covered male
35 Ammonia compound
36 Agitated moo-and-sugar juices (two words)
38 He played around the Yanks' first base
40 With you, *ewer*? (anag.)
43 Head of the French
46 This can screw things up
48 *Rehit* possessively (anag.)
51 Toupee tonic, goes right to the head (two words)
54 Needle
55 Spanish book
56 Loose hash
57 Theda, the Voluptchus Vamp
59 First world casualty
61 Abbreviated continuation (anag.)
62 He fiddled around Rome without Petrillo's permission
63 Slippery H_2O (pl.)
65 World's most gruesome flyer
67 You'll have to find a lot of this in your old car
68 Esthonians Sovietized Nevertheless! (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"Whiskey on Its Way to Age"—painted at the distillery by the famous artist, Franklin Boggs

88 years at fine whiskey-making

makes this whiskey good

IMPERIAL

Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

HOW SOVIET SPIES OPERATE

Continued from Page 13

espionage ring (the Net, as the Russians called it) and its fantastic international ramifications. Definite links with New York and London and Geneva were exposed, and the Canadian government found that other European countries were involved. The Net enrolled eminent scientists and men in high trust, officers of the three armed forces, as well as clerks who had access to secret information. From these people the Russians received data about the atom bomb and about radar, asdic, secret explosives, and a host of allied subjects.

TODAY the dismaying truth is that no one knows whether the Net is still at work. Canada named a special Royal Commission of two Supreme Court judges to investigate the Russian Net, and after five months of probing, in which they interviewed 115 witnesses and compiled a report 6,000 typewritten pages long, Prime Minister Mackenzie King said in the House of Commons they did not know whether the Russian Embassy had ceased its illegal activities. The Commission's report said, ominously: "The Russians may still have" undercover agents at work on this continent.

From five secret rooms in the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa the Russians established at least four parallel spy systems in Canada. A fifth was being formed when the Royal Canadian Mounted Police stepped in and started a tough and ruthless investigation into the Russians (who claimed diplomatic immunity) and the Communist Party of Canada, which is presently called the Labor Progressive Party, or the L.P.P. The L.P.P. was the main base of operations for the biggest of the spy rings. Only twenty-three Canadians were named in the Net, and the investigation was cut short by lack of documentary proof. But the L.P.P. has about 6,000 paid members and, according to electoral returns, more than 100,000 supporters.

Fantastically, the Red Army maintained two separate espionage nets in Canada, and the notorious NKVD (operative in Canada and the United States since 1924) spied upon both and was in turn spied upon. The Russian Navy was setting up its own spy system when the Mounties moved in. And in addition to all this there was a secret political organization which gave directives from Moscow to the L.P.P. It was headed by Second Secretary Goussarov who, despite his low diplomatic rank, had authority on the level of the Russian Ambassador to Canada, Georges Zaroubin. The Ambassador was actually absolved by the Canadian Prime Minister of any knowledge of the spy rings, but his embassy was established as the heart and core of the whole business. Goussarov's strength and authority came from the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, one of the most powerful of all Russian institutions.

The investigation disclosed more than twenty years of Red spying in Canada and elsewhere. But the evidence the Canadian judges received concerned events dating from June, 1943, when Colonel Nicolai Zabotin (now back in Moscow) arrived in Ottawa as the military attaché in the Russian Embassy. Zabotin's title was purely nominal; actually he was sent to Canada to take charge of "Gisel," biggest of the four spy networks, the fifth column having its roots in the L.P.P.

Zabotin, who fought the Germans in the Ukraine and helped defend Stalingrad, at once enlisted two naturalized Canadians as his chief recruiting officers—Fred Rosenberg, alias Rose, L.P.P. member of Parliament for Montreal-Cartier; and Schmil Kogan, alias Sam Carr, Ukrainian-born national organizer for the L.P.P. Rose has been sentenced to six years in jail for his part (he is appealing), and Carr has vanished. It has since been established that Carr was an agent of the Comintern since 1924, and that both Carr and Rose were trained in espionage in Moscow.

Prior to Zabotin's arrival in Canada the espionage system was directed from New York by a man named Mikhailov (cover name Molier), an official of the Soviet Consulate in New York; but when Russia established an embassy in the Dominion, the first secretary, Sergei N. Koudriavtzev, took over from Mikhailov and later surrendered his ring to Zabotin. The link with New York was maintained throughout. Zabotin was the driving force which was to enlarge the small net to a fifth column.

A BELIEF in, or a sympathy with, or a susceptibility to the Communist ideology was a primary requirement in the person to be recruited. Zabotin went further. With the assistance of Rose and Carr, the Labor Progressive Party established a secret section and it was through this that the fifth column was developed. In the cases of all the Canadians accused or examined, it was shown that their motivation was inextricably linked with courses in "psychological development." These were taught in "cells" or study groups set up in principal cities from coast to coast.

Emphasis was always on secrecy. Zabotin developed a general policy of discouraging certain selected sympathizers from joining the party openly. These secret members were used to take the lead in organizing new, broad, and ostensibly nonpolitical organizations, and then they would obtain for themselves, and for other secret adherents, key positions on controlling committees.

The secrecy motive was to accustom young Canadian adherents gradually to an atmosphere and an ethic of conspiracy. It was a technique designed to develop the psychology of a double life and double standards; to bring about the gradual disintegration of normal moral principles and respect for the sanctity of oaths.

Zabotin's success was startling. By the time he was uncovered, an enormous amount of information from a number of agencies of the Canadian government was regularly finding its way to the Russians.

There was, for instance, the case of Dr. Raymond Boyer, Canadian-born internationally known scientist

(*Continued on page 50*)

Liberty

TYRONE POWER
and
GENE TIERNEY
as they appear with
JOHN PAYNE · ANNE BAXTER
CLIFTON WEBB
HERBERT MARSHALL
in Darryl F. Zanuck's Production of
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S
"THE RAZOR'S EDGE"
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by LAMAR TROTTI

20th CENTURY-FOX

(*Continued from page 48*)

instrumental in developing RDX, the new, secret, powerful explosive. He frankly admitted he gave information to Fred Rose which, if placed in competent hands, would enable Russia to design a plant to produce RDX in quantity.

Professor Boyer is one of those rare individuals who are independently wealthy and zealously left wing. Obviously he was not a paid spy; he actually contributed financially to the Communist Party. He maintained only that he had never actually been a member of the party.

Asked why he had given Allied secrets to the Russians, Dr. Boyer replied frankly:

"Our [Canadian] government was willing to give it [the RDX formula] to the Russians, and was not allowed to do so by the Americans. I felt throughout the work that it was unfortunate that there was not closer scientific liaison in connection with such information between the Russian war effort and ours. In fact, I mentioned that a good many times. I was very anxious to see a technical mission, a British-American-Canadian technical mission, in Russia and a similar Russian mission in Canada. I felt it was of great importance that the scientific war effort on the two fronts should be co-ordinated. That is all I have to say."

"Would it be a proper inference to say that you gave Rose information because of a Communistic leaning or sympathy which you had?" Boyer was asked.

"Yes," he answered, "I think that is a proper inference."

ANOTHER example was that of Kathleen Willsher, a stenographer in the office of the United Kingdom High Commissioner in Ottawa. It was through this office that Canada passed, and received, most of her secret information to and from Great Britain, and all of it went through the hands of Miss Willsher and eventually found its way to the Russian Embassy. She was a successful spy for eleven years—from 1935 until 1946. She never received a penny, and she could have made a fortune.

Again it was Rose who enlisted her. She told of being approached by him and asked for information. She was attending a study group in Ottawa.

"Do you know why he would ask you for information?" she was asked.

"He knew," she replied, "that I was sympathetic to the policy of the Communist Party, that I wanted to help stave off war, and I felt their [Russian] policies were good policies, and he thought I might have information that might help them occasionally." The court gave her three years in prison.

And there was the case of Miss Hermina Rabinowitch, Lithuanian-born employee of the International Labor Office. She wanted something in return for her services, but not money. She wanted the Russians to

"Hello, Elite Beauty Salon? Your 'hair-do' doesn't!"

LIBERTY

find and assist her parents, still living in Lithuania, and Zabotin promised to help. Miss Rabinowitch testified that one of her acts was to transfer $10,000 from the Russians to a secret agency in Switzerland, through New York. She traveled on the diplomatic passport issued to all I.L.O. personnel, and made the transfer through a watch-importing company in New York.

Said Miss Rabinowitch:

"I was used like a tool and was foolish enough to let myself into that business . . . I did not get anything from them because the small service I asked for they did not render, even when I asked after my parents." Actually, her parents had died. Like Carr, she has since vanished.

Zabotin had an ambitious scheme for the postwar period in Canada, when he expected to extend the fifth-column base to include all Russians or Ukrainians in Canada. The plan was to develop these people as a Communist-minded population. The fear of relatives at home being persecuted was to be used as an inducement, if necessary. The Russian Embassy in Ottawa had notified the Canadian government that it intended to conduct a registry of all its nationals, although the real purpose was not, of course, revealed.

ONE of Sam Carr's duties was obtaining, by bribery, of false passports for Russian agents. The dossier on Carr, stolen from the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa and dated 1945, says specifically that detailed material on Carr's biography was available "in the Center in the Comintern." Subsequently it was revealed that biographical material of every Communist everywhere in the world is on record in the Comintern. In reference to Carr the Soviets said his financial position was secure but that he accepted money. "Occasionally it is necessary to help," said his dossier.

Carr was to obtain a false passport for a Red agent living in California under the name of Ignacy Witczack. He was in the United States on a passport stolen from a naturalized Canadian who fought for the Republicans in the Spanish civil war. The Reds regard American and Canadian passports as the most valuable of all documents to possess. Carr asked for $5,000 to bribe a passport officer in Ottawa, but Moscow cut him down to $3,000. He was successful, and Zabotin cabled saying this opened up great possibilities for the future. Through false passports Russia could plant agents at any time, anywhere, for espionage or sabotage or leadership in subversive political groups.

ONE of the outstanding cases of naïveté was displayed by a Canadian engineer who sought $7,000 from the Embassy to enable him to continue his services, *with an offer to repay the money.* He was Harold S. Gerson, a geological engineer, who was second in charge of Allied War Supplies, Limited, a government company with access to all information regarding the production of chemicals and explosives. He was a Communist from way back, and nine months after he got his government position he started giving information to Russia both in writing and by films. When the war was just about over, in 1945, Gerson anticipated that his post might soon be eliminated. He went to Zabotin and asked for $7,000 to open an office in Ottawa as a consultative engineer, to enable him to keep in contact with the government. Zabotin cabled Moscow for instructions and in his cable said: "Gray [Gerson's cover name] says that Canada is entering a boom period in the mining industry and it is therefore very likely that within two years the office will be in a position to support itself. The initial expenditure for its operation will be returned in future."

But in Moscow they weren't enthusiastic about this; they wanted Gerson to continue in government service. A month later he was arrested, and he is awaiting trial.

Possibly the most brazen of all spies was Dr. Alan Nunn May of London, who worked on the atom bomb and other secret weapons in England, in Canada, and in the United States. Dr. May was an ardent but secret Communist before coming to Canada, and already known in Moscow. His pseudonym was "Alek," and he accepted sums of money (usually $500) whenever offered. Alek gave Zabotin samples of uranium 233 and 235, which he had stolen from the Chalk River plant in Ontario (Canada's Oak Ridge), plus a written report on atomic research.

In August, 1945, Dr. May was on a brief visit to Canada and the United States, and Moscow cabled

(*Continued on page 52*)

A portrait of General Greene identifies the old General Greene Inn located near Philadelphia. Built in 1752, it was the headquarters of the General during the Revolutionary War.

Good Friends Gather Here

When trappers, patroons, tars and local nabobs crowded the inn taprooms of old, they were served the character of whiskey you'll find under the famous William Penn label today—an honest old-fashioned product, wonderfully fragrant and mellow. That's why sensible folk, millions of them, turn to William Penn for evenings of genial, old-fashioned hospitality. It's that kind of refreshment—never since improved upon. Try it and see!

William ★ Penn ★

JUST AS FINE AND MELLOW AS CAN BE

Blended Whiskey—86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits. Gooderham & Worts Ltd., Peoria, Ill.

(*Continued from page 50*)

urgently to Zabotin to get him to work at once. Four days later Zabotin sent a jubilant cable that he had been successful (with the atom data), and Moscow promptly cabled Alek another "task"—to report on American-developed electronic shells being used against Japanese suicide planes. Alek obliged.

In court Dr. May said: "I only embarked on it [espionage] because I felt this was a contribution I could make to the safety of mankind. I certainly did not do it for gain."

The night before Gouzenko, the young Russian cipher clerk who revolted and betrayed his country's espionage net, surrendered himself to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the NKVD went after him with a force of four men. They broke into his apartment and waited all night for him, but he and his wife and child were safely hidden.

Gouzenko was a member of the Comsomol, or Communist Union of Youth, the Russian youth movement controlled by and preparatory to membership in the Communist Party. After being investigated by the NKVD, Gouzenko was first instructed in coding and decoding in a secret school in Moscow. He later worked a year in the Main Intelligence Division of the Red Army in Moscow preparing for his Canadian work.

Gouzenko worked in Room 12 in the embassy in Ottawa, a room so secret even the Ambassador was denied admission. Only Zabotin and Gouzenko and a Mr. Urpetze, chief of the Secret Division, could enter that room. Gouzenko had standing instructions to burn all documents within twenty-four hours of enciphering them.

His only reason for betraying his native Russia was his awakening, over a period of three years, to democracy as he saw it in Canada, and his revulsion at the thought of returning to Moscow. According to his own words, he thrilled at freedom of speech as he found it in Canada, at the freedom of discussion and freedom of the press. Under orders to report home within a few months, he stole large quantities of documents and surrendered himself, on September 5, 1945, to the R.C.M.P. Five months later Prime Minister Mackenzie King startled the world with sensational charges of espionage against Russia.

THE effect of Gouzenko's naming, and substantially proving, that the Communist Party in Canada was the main base of operations for espionage and fifth-column work was a body blow to the political aspirations of the Labor Progressive Party. The arrest and imprisonment of the only Communist member of Parliament, Fred Rose, for betrayal of Canada, caused a widespread outrage among people normally left wing. The national leader of the L.P.P., a stocky, aggressive little man named Tim Buck who once won 45,000 votes in a Toronto civic election, was not accused in the spy round-up. He has since shouted until he is hoarse that it was only a Red-baiting campaign; but he is now regarded with cold suspicion where once he was warmly welcomed.

But there is no doubt that the L.P.P., or Communist Party, will continue in Canada—and elsewhere. No matter how many exposés and denouncements may come, or how many about-faces the Communists make, they will always have their faithful followers: malcontents—and martyrs.

Potentially, a very powerful "secret weapon" indeed. According to Gouzenko, the authorities in Russia so regard them.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

YOU ASKED FOR IT

Home from vacation is Phineas Phuzz
Whose literal-mindedness tells you:
When you ask him how his vacation was,
With greatest detail he tells you!
—Richard Armour.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

HERB'S ARROW HIT THE MARK AND THEN . . .
W-W-W-WY, DAD! HE DROPPED AND I DIDN'T EVEN SHOOT!
NOBODY SHOT! IT'S FANTASTIC!
AN ARROW! AND RIGHT THROUGH THE CHEST!
REMARKABLE! LOOK, HERE COMES OUR ROBIN HOOD
HERB HALL! WHY, DAD, HE'S THE MOVIE ARCHER!
DISCOVERED BENEATH MY BACKWOOD'S BEARD. AND AREN'T YOU PAUL LAURIE, THE FAMOUS HUNTER?
THANKS FOR THE LIFT WITH THAT BUCK. MAY I DRIVE YOU TO YOUR CAMP?
FINE! AND SAY . . . IT'S NEAR DINNER TIME. WHY NOT JOIN US?
I'D LIKE TO SHAVE BEFORE WE EAT BUT HAVEN'T A RAZOR IN MY CAR
COME ALONG AND USE MINE
THIS IS THE BLADE FOR ME! SLICKEST SHAVE I'VE EVER HAD
LOTS OF MY FRIENDS USE THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE MIGHTY EASY ON YOUR FACE
SO NEXT WEEK WE HOP TO ALASKA FOR GIANT MOOSE. LIKE TO COME ALONG?
WOULD I! AND HOW!
WONDERFUL . . HE'S KEEN
TAKE ALONG SOME THIN GILLETTES, PAL
YOU LOOK AND FEEL RIGHT ON THE BEAM WHEN YOU SHAVE WITH THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE THE SHARPEST, LONGEST-LASTING BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD. WHAT'S MORE . . . AND THIS IS IMPORTANT . . . THEY FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PERFECTLY, PROTECTING YOU FROM THE IRRITATION CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES AND FAULTY SHAVING METHODS. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
THIN Gillette
4 for 10

THEY WHISTLE WHILE THEY WORK

Continued from Page 19

young directors of U. S. Homes decided to sell another $100,000 of preferred stock — but no common — to another 100 veterans eligible for jobs. By the middle of last July they had sold $90,000 worth. In consequence, the company took only $80,000 of the $175,000 total which the RFC had agreed to lend it. As capital it had, then, the original $100,000, the additional $90,000 for preferred, and the borrowed $80,000, or a total of $270,000, which was all they needed for the time being.

PRESIDENT and chief organizer of U. S. Homes is James C. Bishop, a quiet-spoken former lieutenant colonel of ordnance. For his work in organizing the company, and for the plans and contracts he turned over to it, he got half the 800 shares of common stock. This gives him working control of the company and assures the continuity of responsible management.

At thirty-four, Bishop has had nine years' experience in the building machinery business and an army record in construction which brought him two decorations and many commendations. He has before him, if all goes well, a career as head of a moderately large business.

Even while he was building a large ordnance depot at Bazancourt, near Rheims, France, Bishop was planning a postwar career in prefabricated homes. He talked it over with others in the service when their wives wrote of the housing shortage. Following his discharge, Bishop consulted Royal Barry Wills, a Boston architect, and visited prefab plants in the New York area. Wills agreed to become consulting architect if the plan worked out, and, fortunately for Bishop, he took it on a contingent basis.

Bishop favored central Georgia because of its ample labor supply, particularly at Marietta, where the Bell Aircraft Corporation had been making B-29s. The area also is the center of the woodworking industry in the South, and the hub of an excellent housing market.

But Bishop had no capital. Further, his army pals had scattered to their homes. Finally he teamed up with C. Frank Stone, a former captain on the General Staff in Washington, who had been a fraternity brother in Sigma Alpha Epsilon at the University of Kentucky. Stone's previous training in a New York bank proved helpful as the two worked out the G.I. financing scheme.

They went to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation when a bank turned down their request for a loan. Then M. E. (Mike) Everett, Atlanta manager, and D. M. Carroll, head of the loan-approval division of RFC, took a paternal interest and recom-

TOUGH
but oh so gentle!

When you install new piston rings, it will pay you to get Hasting rings. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear, *restore* engine performance. Ask your motor specialist.

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Hastings Ltd., Toronto

HASTINGS STEEL-VENT
PISTON RINGS
TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

mended the loan to the Veterans Administration, which agreed to guarantee half the $175,000 total.

Getting the first $100,000 was the hardest. Bishop and Stone called a mass meeting which was attended by several hundred veterans. Thirty-six men signed up at once and in little more than a fortnight the hundred was complete.

The recruiting job involved getting 100 men, each with $1,000 and each with a skill that fitted into the organization chart. The U. S. Employment Service helped with the screening. Bishop and Stone wanted bookkeepers, clerks, stenographers, electrical and mechanical draftsmen, department foremen, production-line workers, electricians, sheet-metal workers, welders, mechanics, plumbers, painters, truck drivers, roofers, masons, and clean-up men. They were successful with two exceptions: Nobody wanted to invest $1,000 to be janitor, so a non-stockholding veteran was hired for that job. And no licensed electrician applied, so the man who had been chief electrician of the Bell plant was engaged. That made the outfit about 99.44 per cent pure G.I. stockholder-employee.

IT wasn't all plain sailing. Bishop and Stone had a few nervous days before the organization was completed. They also had to lay a few ghostly rumors. William Hart Sibley, attorney for the group, even received calls from nervous Georgians who thought the whole thing was Communistic, apparently because the plan had been announced as "semi-co-operative." Actually, the company is chartered as "a private corporation, the object of which is pecuniary gain or profit."

Besides Bishop, the president, and Stone, first vice-president and sales manager, the list of directors includes W. H. Clements, a World War I veteran with long factory experience, who was made general superintendent; Hughes D. Wall, the treasurer; Charles S. McDaniel, second vice-president and purchasing agent; Louis H. Hardin, Jr., third vice-president and engineer; Robert H. Jones III (cousin of the Atlanta golfer), personnel manager; Lewis A. Chambers, foreman of the machine shop, and W. F. Woods, worker in the roofing department.

Except for Clements, the new directors are all in their twenties or early thirties. The charter provided that stock could be issued only to "veterans of the Armed Forces of the United States." That let in Clements, the only World War I stockholder. Chambers and Woods gave representation to the production line. The men's military background was about half army and half navy; slightly more than half had been officers. None of them had ever prefabricated a house.

With RFC and War Assets Administration help, the boys got in most of the machinery they needed in three weeks. For a time, indeed, they camped in the War Assets office. Much of the equipment was surplus from the Bell plant, where they had leased the huge B-6 Building.

They began setting up the machinery last March, and two months later the first experimental house started down the production line. Stockholders Stone and McDaniel, meanwhile, had bought $100,000 worth of materials and supplies.

By June 1, four and half months after the mass meeting, the plant began actual operation. And in that month twenty-one houses were built. The men were green, materials were short, Georgia's summer sun was hot, and the OPA marked down the sales price, but when Jim Bishop computed results for his first operating month, he was surprised to find a profit of about $3,000.

The lumber, roofing, and other materials enter one end of the plant and flow out the other as house sections ready for erection. Three truck trailer loads make a house.

Although there's a good deal of khaki around the production floor, the U. S. Homes boys would rather forget the war. A good many have Purple Hearts and Silver and Bronze Stars, but prefer not to talk about them. Stockholder Emmitt D. House has both Silver and Bronze. The warehouse chief, Russell C. McCall, stopped a Jap mortar shell (fortunately a dud) with his arm while he was a captain in the Forty-first Infantry Division, but didn't bother to collect his Purple Heart. One man got so cold in the Battle of the Bulge that he resolved never to leave Georgia again.

THIS is doubtless the only sizable company in the world which has a stockholders meeting at quitting time every Monday afternoon. Everybody gathers on the plant floor, or out on the loading platform, to be addressed by the president. Former Lieutenant Colonel Bishop, who is Jim to his fellow stockholders, reports on the week's gains and snags.

The directors meet twice a month, sitting on capped nail kegs. Their sessions are open to any stockholder who wants to attend, and the minutes are posted in the superintendent's office.

Most of the U. S. Homes men are making $175 or $200 a month, the respective limits set by the Veterans Administration for single and married men drawing on-the-job training allowances. Via the payroll, they get a minimum of seventy-five cents an hour, which is somewhat above the going rate for unskilled labor in the area and the balance from the V. A. The training period runs for a year plus the time a man was in service, and most of the U. S. Homes boys expect to draw it for three years. When the training is over, the assumption is they'll all be supervisors of new employees and qualify for higher pay.

Thus Uncle Sam is underwriting a substantial part of the concern's payroll, and helps, through G. I. loans, to capitalize it—an advantage that few, if any, other home construction firms have.

Each holder is also entitled to sixty dollars a year on his preferred stock. After the G.I. loans are paid off, additional dividends can be paid equally on each class of stock. Bishop, as owner of half the common, would get a fourth of the dividends. But the boys intend to pay out extra earnings in salaries. Paid in dividends, the money would be taxed twice, once to the corporation and once to the stockholder.

THE contribution of these veterans toward postwar reconstruction is a neat Cape Cod-style cottage, 32 by 24 feet, with a screened porch at one end and a separate one-car garage. The boys prefer to call it "factory engineered," rather than prefabricated. The exterior can be varied in a number of ways, but the basic design is the same. Each cottage has a 12-by-17 living room, with fireplace and drinking nook, two bedrooms (or one can be a study), kitchen, bath, and utility room. The turnkey price to the owner is $6,300, including plumbing and gas furnace but without cookstove, refrigerator, or, of course, furniture. The floors are Georgia oak, with inlaid linoleum for the kitchen, bath, and utility room and with a choice of wallpaper or paint.

This first model has insulation only for the roof. When the houses are erected in the North, the cottages get wall insulation and greater heating facilities.

The first U. S. home left the production line in May, and was sold to stockholder William Thomas Moore of Marietta, formerly of the Air Transport Command. But he and his bride couldn't move in for a month because it was used as a demonstration house. More than 7,000 persons were shown through it and 1,000 signed cards indicating interest.

Each stockholder has a priority on a home for himself, and half a dozen followed Moore's order with theirs. They can apply G.I. loans to the purchase, to the extent their VA guaranty hasn't been used up.

Foundations of cement block are laid, and the houses are erected by dealer-contractors through whom the sales are made. Several stockholders have become dealer-contractors themselves. Stockholder Jimmie Ayer, for instance, signed a contract whereby he operates four trucks and six trailers, which he owns, to deliver houses to their sites.

Once over the organization pains, the U. S. Homes, Inc., faced the usual troubles of business. The chief one was material shortages. One shortage was in good dry lumber. So Bishop bought a small but sturdy mill near the plant. Now stockholder John A. Hogenson, a former Seabee, keeps the mill buzzing sixteen hours a day.

Under federal regulations, critical materials can be used only for vet-

erans' housing. To supplement its line and keep the men busy when these are short, U. S. Homes designed a Model B single-car garage using noncritical materials. These were sold through Sears, Roebuck & Co. and other outlets for a retail price of $395, ready for the owner to set up.

Bishop and his associates noticed that scrap was accumulating, and offered prizes for suggestions to use it up. A variety of cabinets (one department store ordered 500), baskets, and other household gadgets resulted. The most amusing, which won a $10 prize for stockholder Carl J. Aycock of the engineering department, is a prefabricated doghouse to retail at $11.95.

MORALE is high, but it would be unnatural if 200 lively young ex-servicemen all stayed put. There have been several resignations among the stockholder-employees. Those who pulled out got their money back and were replaced by new men. The company can also fire a stockholder and purchase his interest, but he must be given a chance to present his side to the board. If the board votes unanimously to oust him, the matter is settled. But if any director disagrees, the case goes to a meeting of stockholders, who can approve or disapprove the board's action by three-quarters vote of those present.

Those in the second hundred stockholders, who have preferred stock but no common, are given first chance to get the common stock surrendered by men resigning. To do so, they must sign up for their proportion of the G.I. loan.

The vets have a closed shop of their own distinct variety—everybody a veteran, everybody a stockholder, and with everybody given easy access to the officers and directors. The materials which U. S. Homes assembles are for the most part union made. Union labor hasn't objected to erecting the houses.

The future looks rosy to U. S. Homes boys. Sales manager Stone sees the company's chief market within a 250-mile radius of Marietta, but intends to invade Florida this winter. Financially, the company's burden is light. It has only to meet 4-per-cent interest on its $80,000 loan and monthly amortization payments on the principal over five years. That's the advantage of getting most of your money through stock. There will never be any arrears on the preferred, which is "nonaccumulative."

The present plant's capacity is between five and ten houses each working day, or from 1,250 to 2,500 a year. The five-a-day can be made, Bishop thinks, by the stockholders. To turn out ten, 300 or more employees would have to be added.

Meantime, word of the success of the venture has spread. Other veterans' groups want to do likewise.

THE END

THOUSANDS of motorists, driving to football stadiums throughout the nation, would like to go in new cars. But for many of us it may be months before that wish comes true.

Until then, help your old car give you smooth, dependable performance. Your present spark plugs may be faulty. If so, replace them with a new set of Auto-Lite spark plugs, specified by leading automotive engineers as original factory equipment for many of America's finest cars, trucks and tractors. "Money cannot buy a better spark plug." See your Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer today!

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Tune in the Auto-Lite Radio Show starring Dick Haymes with Helen Forrest, Gordon Jenkins' Orchestra and Chorus. Thursdays, 9:00 P.M.—E.T. on CBS.

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A clean toilet bowl has no odor. When you use SANI-FLUSH you know the bowl is clean. Stains and invisible film that foster germ growth are removed by the chemical disinfecting action of this wonderful cleaner.

SANI-FLUSH saves disagreeable, messy scrubbing. Just sprinkle it in the toilet bowl—that's all. It's safe in septic tanks, effective in hard and soft water. Two handy sizes sold everywhere. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

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If you are between 15 and 55

$2.00 a month

is all you have to pay for Old Line, Legal Reserve

LIFE INSURANCE

This is half the Permanent Rate, payable until the 6th year. You get $1,754 of Protection all your life if you are now 20, $1,460 if you are 30, $1,142 if 40, etc. Proportionate amounts at other ages. Budget your Insurance like Rent.

YOUR POLICY WILL BE FULLY PAID-UP IN 30 YEARS

with no more premiums to pay and all benefits continued. Send Coupon at once! for full details and amount of life long Protection offered at your age!

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR FREE BOOKLET

Postal Life Insurance Company, 511 Fifth Ave., Dept. D, 630 New York 17, N. Y.
Mail information about your new "$2-a-month", 30-payment Modified 5 Life Policy at my age.

Name.....

Occupation.....Date of Birth.....

Street & No.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

SHIRT TALES: Maurice Y. Cole, a member of the Atlantic City Tuna Club, went deep-sea fishing and hooked a floating flannel shirt some thirty miles out. Imagine his surprise when eight baby dolphins wriggled out of the sleeves and pockets as he reeled the shirt in. To prove his fish story was true, he brought back shirt and the live dolphins. The babies averaged four inches in length. . . . A middle-aged commuter, clad only in underwear, socks, and shoes, raced up in his automobile to the platform of the

Reading Railroad's New Hope, Pennsylvania, station. He had less than two minutes before traintime. Out he jumped, reached into the car, pulled out his pants and yanked them on. With a shrewd glance at the train, he grabbed his shirt and put it on. Then, with tie and coat in hand, he jumped aboard, while onlooking commuters cheered. . . . There's a fashion shirt tale in the Sacony Company's "basic blouse" made of Sacony-Ciella, a rayon jersey made by Sacony. It's easily laundered, and if patted into shape while wet, it needn't be ironed. The price is a modest $3.50. In pastels, vivid colors, black, brown, and navy, with a high simple neckline and plenty of tail for tuck-in, it teams up effectively with skirts, slacks, and suits, and may be dressed "up" or "down" with the help of jewelry, belts, or scarves.

FALL FACES: As the leaves turn from roseate hues to sere and yellow tones, so does the feminine hide lose its rosy glow and go through various changes of color, each one for the worse, until all those layers of sun-dried skins are sloughed off, and a face begins to feel like a face once more. It may still be no rose petal, but with the aid of lubricating creams by night and softening make-up by day, it will eventually regain its elasticity. It is hard to pick a paragraphful of cosmetics from the countless fine products on the market, but here goes. Primrose House offers its new "Estrogenic Hormone Cream" and suggests that half a teaspoonful be molded on the face and throat after cleansing and left on overnight. Tussy's "Beauty Plus" is another new hormone cream designed to rejuvenate the throat and face. "Botany" lipstick and face powder have a lanolin base, and lanolin contains ingredients that resemble the natural oils of a young healthy skin. Because of these qualities, lanolin penetrates deeply and replenishes nature's own supply of lubricants, according to the makers of Botany cosmetics. Barbara Gould's new fall make-up line is appropriately named "Indian Penny"—the nail polish is a rich deep shade with a copper tinge; the face powder is rosy but with the same copper tinge.

SKIN GAME

Farewell to sun-tanned arms and faces,
To freckles, and all other traces
Of summer. Greetings, winter pallor,
But first comes autumn's dismal yaller.

WANTED! ATTRACTIVE WOMEN: The Ward School of Airline Training in Worcester, Massachusetts, was the first institution of its kind to launch a complete training program for air-line ground personnel. In the two and a half years since its initiation, the school

has had the astonishing record of 100-per-cent job placement. Katharine Foley Ward has now added a special course for air-line stewardesses. The young women must be between twenty-one and twenty-eight years of age, and must have a minimum of two years of college or be a registered nurse. Those who are not graduate nurses must pass the standard Red Cross first-aid course. Students must have pleasing personalities, must be well groomed, and able to put people at their ease. No girls wearing glasses for corrective vision can be accepted. All applicants must pass a rigid physical examination. Once accepted, students have twelve busy weeks ahead of them, in which they learn all about ticketing, reservations, traffic control, routing, and scheduling. An air-line ruling requires stewardesses to be unmarried.

A MERE MATTER OF MONEY

Continued from Page 29

and shoved one toward Tobe. "This calls for one on the house," he said. Mike gulped his. "I always knew you'd hit it, Tobe."

Tobe's Adam's apple was bobbing like there was a catfish somewhere in his stomach. And from the way he felt, there might well have been. It was written there in plain figures on the check: "Thirty-five hundred dollars. $3500. Pay to the order of Tobe Andrews, $3500." He tried but failed to make any sense of the information and he found himself saying, "Uh—how much did you say I owed you, Mike?"

"Forget it," said Mike. "Tell you what—I'll match you double or nothin'. A deal?" Before Tobe could get his voice working, Mike had flipped a coin. "Call it, Tobe."

"Heads," Tobe squeaked.

The coin landed on the bar, spun, and settled head side up. "I'll have another drink," said Tobe. "That in the dented bottle."

He finished his second drink and Mike saw him to the door. It was bright and sunny, and Tobe pushed his hat far back on his head. He looked back at Belle limping a few inches from his heels. "Step along there," he commanded. "We got business at the bank."

TOBE was in the bank twenty minutes. He emerged and sauntered up Main Street. A dozen people stopped him and congratulated him.

"You got the check?" said Shad Burrows. "Not that I'm doubtin', but I'd just like a look at the check."

"She's at the bank," said Tobe. "Mr. Jacobs himself is tendin' to it. He told me to come in at three."

In front of the Blue Bird, Park Gregg called to him. "Hey, Tobe! Come on in and have a snifter on me." Tobe's steps turned toward the doorway, but then he saw Emma Dillon approaching with her shopping basket. "Later," he called to Park. He quickened his pace.

"Mornin', Miss Emily," Tobe said. The widow stopped and smiled.

"Why, hello, Tobe," she said.

"I was athinkin'—" Tobe began. "I was athinkin'—me and the doc was the only two people here'bouts that subscribed to the National Geographic."

"Yes," said Emma, "the doctor did. But I let the subscription expire after he went."

"Then," Tobe said, "you probably get lonely for it. Some mornin', when I'm passin', I'll drop you off some new copies."

The widow beamed on him. "How nice," she smiled. Again they were silent, and Tobe felt his gaze wandering to the hills. Manfully he pulled it back. "I was noticin'—" he began. "I was noticin' your sweet peas. They need trellisin'."

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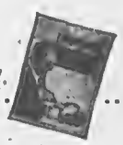

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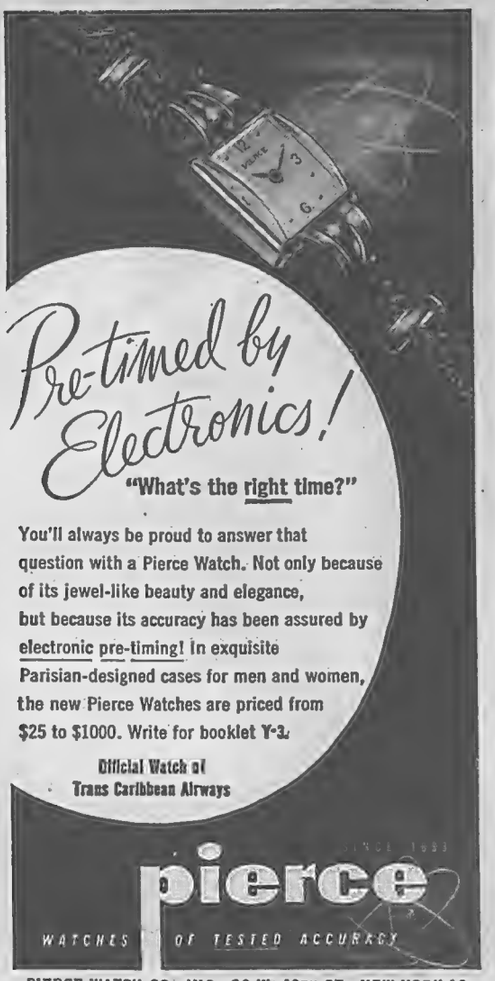
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"They do," Mrs. Dillon agreed, "but I just don't seem to find time for everything." She smiled.

"I happen to have some lath," Tobe told her. "I—uh—"

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Emma. "I tell you what. If you trellis the sweet peas, I'll cook you a fryer some night. With sour-cream pie. Remember?"

"Yes," said Tobe. "Yes, I do. I'll be by with the lath on Sunday. Good day to you, Miss Emily."

"Good day," said Emma.

Tobe went on up Main Street. He forgot Belle till he was passing the butcher shop. But Belle wasn't at his heels. She was taking the short cut to the garbage can back of the A-One Restaurant.

"Git out of that alley," Tobe called. "By grab! The way you act, no one would know you was pedigreed and cost seventy-six dollars."

Inside the butcher shop Tobe met Tom Pine.

"Well," said Tom, "I hear you struck it rich, Tobe."

"Middlin'," replied Tobe. "Arch, I'd like to buy a few scraps for Royal Belle."

"I suppose," Tom continued, "you'll be movin' out of the Flats. I hate to see it, too, 'cause I was just fixin' to tie into the city main and pipe water out to you."

"Don't think you could rent that place to anyone else without water," Tobe commented.

"I had the pipe for a long time now," Tom said. "I was aimin' to do it any day. Fact, I might start this afternoon."

"I could raise a good garden there with water," Tobe said. "You won't find good bottom soil like that any place else in town."

"Tell you what, Tobe. You stay and I'll have 'er in there by tomorrow."

"I'll think it over," said Tobe. "How much is due on the meat scraps, Arch?"

"Take 'em," said Arch. "I was savin' 'em for Newt Whitney, but it looks like he ain't acomin' in today."

Tobe took the package and left. Outside, he cuffed gently at his sniffing hound. "Don't be so all-fired eager," he scolded. "You act like a dog with no upbringin' at all."

FOLLOWED by his dog, Tobe headed back toward the Flats. But halfway there, the noise of a car horn stopped him. The big red roadster of Newt Whitney skidded to a dusty stop along the curb.

"Hop in," Newt called. "I'll give you a lift."

Tobe had never ridden in such a quiet car, and from force of habit associated with automobiles, he found himself talking as though Whitney were deaf in his off ear.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Whitney," he was saying, "I don't feel free to talk about it. All I can say is that they hit somethin' up there. Like I always said and nobody listened."

"You must know this country pretty well," said Mr. Whitney.

"Like the roof of my mouth," Tobe agreed. "I rode it for forty years."

"I'm sort of a dude, you know," confessed Mr. Whitney. "But there's a lot I'd like to know. Suppose you come out to the lodge some night and we can sit around over a drink, talking."

"Well," Tobe said, "I don't do much gaddin' since I got rid of my Ford in '35."

"Hell!" laughed Mr. Whitney. "I'll come and get you."

"Might be arranged, only my dog always goes with me. And I don't know if your dog and my dog would get along."

"Get along! Why, they're both registered, aren't they? And they're both human, aren't they? Get along! Why, man, they'll more than get along!"

Tobe thought of asking Mr. Whitney in, but decided against it, and after the Easterner had left, he picked up the broom and didn't drop it till two thirty. Then he put on a different, if not completely clean, shirt, and went toward town.

THIS time, when he appeared at the bank, he didn't have to wait fifteen minutes to see Mr. Jacobs. The banker greeted Tobe with his habitual dignity and led him into his private office. He opened a humidor and held it out to Tobe.

Tobe couldn't remember when he'd last tried a cigar. Mr. Jacobs reached in his desk drawer and pulled out the check from the Rocky Mountain Development Company.

"Tobe—I hate to tell you this, but this check is a mistake. No—wait—let me finish. I thought so when you brought it in this morning, and that's why I didn't cash it then. I wanted to verify it. Some bookkeeper made a mistake."

"It can't be a mistake. It just can't be, Mr. Jacobs."

"It is, Tobe. I called the company. Things like that happen once in a while. I recall reading in the paper about a government employee getting a check for a million dollars."

"But this was only thirty-five hundred," Tobe said.

"It's still a mistake. Tobe, you know there's no gold on your claim."

"Maybe not," Tobe muttered, "but there's a damn fine cookstove up there."

"I'm sorry," the banker continued. "They want this check sent back and are mailing another. Meanwhile I'll loan you the thirty-five."

Tobe's Adam's apple was behaving like a caged squirrel. His hat fairly cried with pain as he twisted it. "Nothin' will help, Mr. Jacobs. Nothin' at all. Now I'm worse off than I ever was before. I didn't mind before, because I lost everything so slow I got lost with it. But all of a sudden I got it back. Only now—" He gripped his head with his hands. The banker rose and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Tobe, you're a good man. You always have been. You used to have a good little ranch and you could hold your head as high as the next person. I don't know what went wrong."

"You ought to," Tobe said. "You started me, and closed me out."

"Nineteen thirty-one?"

Tobe nodded.

"I hope you don't hold any bitterness. That happened to a lot of folks in 1931—not just in Colorado, but all over the country. You can't hardly say it was my fault—or anybody's fault in particular, Tobe."

"I ain't blamin' anyone," said Tobe, "but that's what did it. I wouldn't of had the gall to come in here and ask for more money when I didn't pay back what I owed before. And I had to go to work for other people. First thing I knew, I was too old to start up on my own again."

"Tobe," said the banker, "I want to tell you something. A man's never too old to start over again. Not if he's honest and willing to work."

TOBE unwound his hat and rewound it. In a few minutes he would be leaving the bank and he would need a drink, but how could he face the crowd in the Blue Bird?

Mr. Jacobs went on talking.

"I'm going to tell you something. This is the best thing that could have happened to you. It is better than if the check were really good. You know why? Finding money wouldn't help you. Like you said, you got lost slow, and you have to find yourself slow. Now I'm going to tell you something—very confidentially."

Tobe lifted his eyes dutifully.

"You know the only difference between you and me? People think of me as rich."

"You are," Tobe said.

"No," said the banker, "I'm not. I'm comfortably well off. And do you know how I got that way? By making people think I was rich. Can you imagine what would happen to this bank if people thought I was broke? Or if I went around dressed like you are? Like I *was* poor? Why, it would scare people away!"

Tobe's hat was lying placidly in his lap and he was looking at Mr. Jacobs who, just by uttering these words, somehow looked different than he ever had before.

"Tobe, that's a simple little rule of life you missed. Now, I'm not going to say a word about this check not being good. Nobody but you and I need know."

"They'll guess," said Tobe, "when I don't go spendin' it around."

Mr. Jacobs smiled. "They'll expect you to spend it in a few months—in fact, try to help you. And if you don't let them, they'll mark you down as shrewd and think the more of you."

The words were whirling in Tobe's ears and a strange excitement stirred him.

"Thanks," he said. "I don't think I could have faced any more laughs. Thanks."

Mr. Jacobs stuck out his hand, smiling. "The rest is up to you, Tobe. Remember, as far as the town is concerned, you are a successful man. All you have to do is act like one and prove it to yourself. You can do it."

Tobe, tugging thoughtfully at his ear, ignored the outstretched hand. "Yes," he said at last—"yes, I think I can do 'er. I've never been afraid of work, but the breaks have been against me. But with water to garden with—and those pups oughta bring twenty-five dollars apiece. I got other plans, too. Yes, I think I can pull it off."

Mr. Jacobs was beaming with the inner satisfaction of a missionary.

"Yes, I think I can do 'er," Tobe said again. "But I'll need two hundred dollars for seeds and bluff." His eyes met Mr. Jacobs', who coughed on his cigar. There was the silence of two lifetimes.

"I'd like to help," Mr. Jacobs said, "but honestly, Tobe, I don't see what you have in the way of collateral—"

"I've got me," Tobe said. He fancied that his bowed legs and bent back straightened and added three inches to his stature. "Here I be, Will Jacobs. As a human bein', am I worth two hundred dollars?"

THE banker was looking through the slats of the Venetian blind at the slumbering Main Street.

"I won't tell a soul," said Tobe.

Mr. Jacobs closed the blind. He ran his fingers along the slats and then broke into a fine laugh. "By heavens, Tobe, this serves me right! I believe you will do it." He reached in his pocket, extracted his wallet, and counted out ten ten-dollar bills. "Here's a hundred—you can have the rest when and if you need it." Tobe took the money. "Uh—" Mr. Jacobs said. "This is sort of an off-the-record deal, Tobe, but our usual rates are six per cent."

"Naturally," agreed Tobe. He carefully counted the money and put it in his shirt pocket, buttoning the flap over it.

"Tobe," Mr. Jacobs said, "you don't know it, but this makes me feel a hell of a lot better about being a banker. Sometimes I don't like it." Mr. Jacobs opened the bottom drawer of his desk and took out a flask. "I'll buy a drink, Tobe."

"Thanks," said Tobe, "but I buy my own drinks. Howsoever, if you'd like to go to the Blue Bird, I'll join you in a short one. Now that I'm goin' into business, it might not hurt my reputation a bit to be seen havin' a drink with a banker."

Mr. Jacobs, holding two paper cups, looked into the water cooler as if it were a crystal ball. He put the paper cups back in the box on top of the bottle, returned the flask to his desk, and picked up his hat. "It's a deal," he said. "It might not hurt my reputation as a banker one bit to be seen having a drink with a business man. Come on, Tobe."

THE END

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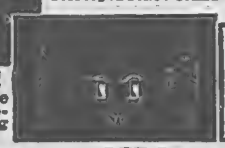

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FIVE MINUTES OF BABIES

Continued from Page 15

fice," Ed Carl explained patiently. "You remember, we went through them when they—I get it!"

Mary Margaret grinned. "No one here has ever seen one."

"Prefabricated houses are shipped flat," her boss nodded thoughtfully. "These people have never put one together."

"We could set one up on a prepared foundation in eight hours."

"Where'd you get that dope?" Ed asked curiously.

"From one of the young engineers. The other girls said he was the smartest of the lot."

"We might put up a sample house on the public square in town," Ed mused. "We could get the local merchants to furnish it and—yes?"

"A real building lot might be better. Then you could move some newlyweds right in."

THE chair legs came down with a bang. "That's it! We'll marry off some young couple in the living room as soon as the house is finished! A real home wedding with the whole county invited to a reception afterward. How's that?"

Mary Margaret lowered her eyes from the ceiling and said, "Corny! It's always good, though."

"But not good enough," Ed grumbled, reaching for the peanut clusters. "This thing can be *big* if we handle it right—big enough to get us back to the Home Office in a hurry! We've got to get an angle that will hit every paper in the country. I'm going to the public library."

"You'd better take these with you!" his assistant cried, following him with the rest of the chocolate-coated peanuts.

Ed Carl bounced in next morning with the air of one who has solved his problem. He ignored the supply of peanut clusters to which he was addicted when worried. "I phoned Mrs. Carl that we'd be back in the Home Office soon," he confided. "She's awfully sick of the farm."

"And I'm tired of my sister's studio couch," Mary Margaret agreed. "But what makes you so sure we're on our way?"

"Hah! I've got the finest public-relations idea ever tried!"

"What, again?" his assistant groaned.

"This is the pay-off!" Ed assured her. "From now on we'll be sitting around saying 'yes' and 'no' to underlings instead of working for a living! Ask the operator to get the chairman on the phone for me, will you?"

"Of course. But first, hadn't we better—"

"We'll talk it over afterward!" Ed's gesture was airy. Mary Margaret swung the phone to him.

"Hello? J. D.? We've found the trouble down here. This is what we want to do," he bustled, outlining his assistant's plan for the construction of a sample house. "Good, eh? I thought you'd like it, J. D., but hang on a minute. There's more! J. D., why are young people interested in our houses? Because they want to start families, of course! Right?"

He grinned at Mary Margaret. "Hey!" said his assistant in some alarm.

"All right, J. D.," Ed continued happily, "I'm going to give you a chance to be a public benefactor. I want to give away some of your houses. . . . Yep, absolutely free. . . . Now, *wait* a minute, J. D.—"

Mary Margaret grinned. Her boss took the phone from his ear and looked at it reproachfully. After a suitable interval Ed cocked his head toward the receiver, smiled at her reassuringly, and said into the mouthpiece, "YES! One to the parents of every baby born within *five minutes* of the moment we complete the sample house. Yep, anywhere in the country—"

"Oh, dear," his assistant sighed.

"Be reasonable, J. D.," her boss was expostulating. "How many babies are born at any given moment on an afternoon? Only a couple. . . . Of *course* I looked it up. You can't go against the World Almanac, chief. Think of the public interest that will draw! And think of the free advertising! Chief, think of the distributors!"

ED'S assistant was making frantic signals, but he waved her away. "What would it cost you? Ten houses—maybe a dozen, at the outside. . . . You'll think it over? Fine, chief! We'll get on it as soon as you call back. . . . Yes, chief! . . . Right, chief! 'Bye, chief," he snapped, and hung up.

"Really, Mr. Carl!" Mary Margaret giggled.

"It always gets him when I call him chief," Ed beamed.

"Oh, it was a fine job of selling, all right! But are you certain of your figures? I read somewhere that the birth rate—"

"Is four a minute on the average, sure. Maybe five, now. What of it? Any doctor will tell you most babies come after midnight."

"There must be some who don't," his assistant worried, "but maybe not enough to upset your estimate. You want the house done in the afternoon, then?"

"Not later than four o'clock!" Ed stated firmly. "Your engineer said it would take less than eight hours. We'll start her off first thing in the morning and run her all day. On a Saturday. Everyone for miles around will get a look at it that way," he added as the phone rang. Mary Margaret watched his intent expression as he said, "Yes, J. D.?" and relaxed into a smile.

"Here we go again," she muttered, and was reaching for the copy paper before her boss hung up in triumph.

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Although we've books
In cozy nooks
In living room and study,
And current mags
And gossip rags
At your bedside, buddy,
You always stride
Down the hall
To read beside
The shower stall.

—*Ethel Jacobson.*

"How about calling this outstanding event a 'Roof-Raising'?" she suggested, leaping into the fray. "We could—"

THEY scheduled the affair for a week from the following Saturday and went to work on it. The first announcement in the local paper boomed the line at the employment window and production spurted. By the end of the week Ed had concluded a successful dicker with the Chamber of Commerce for the donation of a lot fronting on the public park, where there would be plenty of room for the expected crowd. The editor of the newspaper played along with quoted endorsements from the mayor, several councilmen, the luncheon-club presidents, a popular candidate for sheriff, and the heads of the largest and second largest banks in the community, all of whom praised the great job Intercontinent was about to do with prefabricated houses.

His assistant lined up the local merchants for enough new equipment to furnish the house, and located, through her sister, a young veteran and his fiancée who volunteered to be married in public in return for the furniture and a place to live. They were a popular young couple and photographed well. It was clear that the Roof-Raising was on its way to being the biggest thing the town had ever seen.

Neither Ed nor Margaret were prepared, however, for the response their press releases got from the wire services and the radio. The housing pinch was already a national issue. The idea of a construction race against time, combined with a five-minute quota of home-winning babies, caught the popular fancy. Ed was swamped by offers from picture magazines, broadcast chains, and press organizations, all of which he gleefully relayed to the chairman. They brought their own penalty only five days in advance of the event.

"Yes, J. D.," Ed Carl was murmuring into the phone when his assistant first caught the changed note in his voice. "Nice of you to say so, but— . . . How's that again, sir? . . . Well, it's a little late now to—. . . Yes, of course I understand. But, chief! . . . All right, sir. We'll see what we can do. I mean we'll do it, sure." He hung up slowly and reached for the peanut clusters.

"Those aren't very fresh," Mary Margaret pointed out. "Things have been going so well that—"

"Now it's the governor," Ed groaned, taking a handful. "A personal friend of the chairman, and he wants to make a speech. Keeping himself in the public eye for the next election."

"Why not? It adds interest."

"But he can't compete with a construction gang! We can't have the building going up while he's speaking. Even if we schedule him at ten in the morning, we won't be able to start the Roof-Raising before noon," Ed fumed.

"All right. You'll be finished by eight in the evening," his right-hand woman consoled. "Give them a fireworks display and—"

"Have you forgotten about those babies?" Ed fumed. "The later it gets the faster they come. Instead of two a minute we might have—"

"Twice as many!" she finished with a gasp. "Mr. Carl, that's awful! The chairman would—"

"Don't I know it?" Ed sank back into his chair.

FOR a moment they were silent together. Then Ed shook himself. "Nothing we can do about it now. Get the governor's secretary on the phone and make the arrangements. I haven't the heart. It's nice to have worked with you, Mary Margaret. When this is over I'll doubtless be transferred too far away to reach, even by postcard."

Her boss remained apprehensive while Mary Margaret steered him through the final days of what was to be known as the greatest of all the Ed Carl promotions. She saw that he directed the placement of the radio microphones, the newsreel stands, and the press desks. She got his final approval on news releases, preliminary photographs, and the seating of distinguished guests. Nothing she could do, however, tore him away from his moody study of vital statistics.

THE great day dawned bright and clear and the park in front of the housing site was jammed. The governor was in fine form and, flanked by his friend the chairman, took advantage of the assembled microphones to air himself nationally on the advantages of homes and children. Ed sulked, watch in hand, as the great man exhausted the subject and the crowd's patience. Not until well past the noon hour did the chairman himself fire the gun that started a freshly overalled crew on the construction race.

It was a great show, and the news photographers loved it. Flash bulbs flared and the audience gaped as floor sections went down and already-painted wall panels went up on the prepared foundation. The watchers cheered as the windows slipped into their frames, whistled

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when the parts fitted neatly together, and applauded when the first roof area was lifted. The stands laughed when the crew carried in a complete plumbing unit with kitchen and bathroom back to back, carried it out again, turned it around, and put it in right. Otherwise the assembly went together section by section, piece by piece, moment after moment, without a hitch.

Ed Carl grew increasingly pale when, at length, the nearest radio microphone was thrown into use. The announcer purred, "—and now, ladies and gentlemen, it will be only a few minutes before we can bring you the broadcast you have been waiting for. From coast to coast this network is in touch with hospitals everywhere and will instantly report —there goes the front door into place!—the new arrivals who qualify their parents to win one of these fine homes. Five minutes after the gun sounds every baby born in the interval will entitle his— A committee of prominent realtors has just completed its inspection of the interior, ladies and gentlemen! The governor has received the key! He's throwing the door wide—AND there goes the gun! Look at your watches, listeners everywhere! The parents of *every* baby born anywhere in this great land of ours will receive— Here's our first report. One—no, TWO babies from Brooklyn have made their parents home owners. Here's one from Connecticut — Bridgeport, Connecticut, that is—and one from Atlanta, Georgia. There's a new baby in Albany and—wup! Twins in Erie, Pennsylvania, but they only get one house. Folks, this is the greatest coast-to-coast reporting job since New Year's Eve! Here's the flash from Chicago—one, two, *three* babies. And one from Omaha. We'll read you the names of the parents later. Kansas City, one. We're moving west, folks! Wait till we get the California report—it's almost eleven o'clock out there . . ."

"I forgot all about the change in time!" Ed muttered.

IT was Mary Margaret who got the furniture moved in, the wedding under way, and the young couple lined up for the reception afterward. These proceedings brought on another heat-lightning display of flash bulbs and a mob of well-wishers. She received the first basketful of telegrams. She sorted them neatly and started on a hunt for the chairman, whom she found in the governor's suite at the hotel, making small calculations on a pad in his lap. The chairman snapped at her.

"Where's Ed Carl? I haven't seen him, luckily, since that final radio report. Twenty-nine babies, the total was! Think of it! Twenty-nine babies at a house apiece is—let's see, counting shipping and insurance, overhead and labor costs, that amounts to— What is it, miss? Anything to take my mind off this subject."

Ed Carl's assistant handed him two stacks of telegrams. "I think you'll be interested in these, sir. This first stack is from our present distributors."

"Crazy about the publicity," the chairman mused, reading. "Why shouldn't they be? Want to repeat the stunt in their own towns with prize homes. M-m-m-m. Claim it's the greatest ad we ever sponsored. Mebby so, mebby so. What's this big stack?"

"Applications for new distributorships," Mary Margaret gulped. "Mr. Carl was anxious for you to see them at once. He knows how difficult it has been to—"

"To be sure. Look here, governor. A wire from Jim Barent! I've had the sales force after him for months. And one from that big outfit in Omaha. And those people in Buffalo. These are very interesting, miss. Ask Mr. Carl to see me at his convenience. The governor and I have been talking housing, and I think Ed can—"

Mary Margaret found Ed in his office out at the plant. He attempted to hide before she identified herself. "But I tell you, Mr. Carl, he sent for you in his own car. Honest! The chauffeur is waiting outside right now. You ought to see those applications for distributorships!"

After a moment's reflection Ed emerged from under the desk. "Just what we expected," he announced calmly, brushing himself off. "Uh—

can he wait a minute, do you suppose, while I call my wife again? I just phoned her that my plans were a little indefinite."

"Of course! The chairman is having a wonderful time bragging to the governor."

They were driving back to town together in the insulated quiet of the chairman's limousine when Ed said thoughtfully, "I haven't forgotten about your unfinished vacation, by the way. We ought to be able to arrange for you to resume it, with trimmings! How about an extra ten days in New York?"

Mary Margaret's face was answer enough. "You remembered that my flyer was due back?"

Ed nodded cheerfully. "You've been swell," he beamed. "I don't know what we'd have done without you." He dropped her off at her sister's house.

"Keep away from vital statistics while I'm gone," his assistant giggled.

Her boss cleared his throat. "I'm going to take some time off myself. Got to get the house redecorated before the family moves in."

"You've found another house?" Mary Margaret gasped.

"Same house," Ed explained blandly. "I never gave it up. That driveway gag must have blown over by now. I'll tell the old man my deal on it fell through."

"Whee, whew!" she whistled. "I'll buy you an iron deer for the lawn, if I can find one!"

THE train that returned Mary Margaret from New York was late, as it happened. She hurried directly to Intercontinent's Home Office, whisked down Mahogany Row, and slipped into Ed Carl's headquarters. There was a new title on the door, but she found her boss sunk in gloom and eating peanut clusters by the handful. "Oh, hello," he greeted her limply.

"I knew I shouldn't have gone away again," she grinned, her hands on her hips. "What is it this time?"

"Nothing you can help," Ed sulked, nursing his elbows.

"Has the chairman gone paternal again?"

Her boss nodded morosely. "Not on driveways. Something much worse this time."

Ed shuddered, pulled a legal document from the drawer where he kept his peanuts and handed it to her. It was a deed to an enormous home site in Hillcrest, the city's most expensive real-estate development.

Mary Margaret laughed and pushed back the veil on her hat. It was a new hat and very becoming. "What's bad about this?"

"He'll expect me to build on it, won't he? You know what the restrictions are, don't you? Where will I get twenty-five thousand dollars for that kind of house?"

His assistant threw back her coat, seated herself on the edge of his desk, and waggled a gloved finger under his nose. "I can, too, help you out of that one," she chirped. Ed bulged his eyes at her.

"What do you mean?"

"How many acres in that farm of yours? Eighty?" Mary Margaret continued brightly. "It's just far enough out for young couples with cars to live. And there's an interurban bus, isn't there?"

"That's right," Ed agreed.

HIS assistant spread her hands dramatically. "What's the use of pouring out prefabricated houses if no one puts them up?"

"Of course!" Ed rocketed out of his chair. "Divide the place into one-acre lots with one of our houses on—I never thought of that!"

"I did," Mary Margaret assured him, "as soon as we put up that sample house. But that knoll where Mrs. Carl had the picnic last summer—you know, the one with the apple trees and the brook?"

He nodded, thinking what a nice location it would make.

"I didn't think of that knoll," Mary Margaret confided happily as she stripped off her gloves, "until I got *this*."

She held out her left hand and beamed at him, starry-eyed. Even as he faced the loss of an invaluable assistant, Ed had to admit that it was a beautiful ring.

Reaching for his chocolate-coated peanut clusters, he said as much—and more.

THE END

Pick of
THE PICTURES

BY
VIRGINIA SPIES

THE JOLSON

Supposedly a composite of three of Jolson's wives, Evelyn Keyes will remind you of Ruby Keeler.

Larry Parks is superb as Al Jolson. He has mastered all of the famous singer's tricks—

A PERFECT tribute to Al Jolson, this movie is as schmaltzy, spirited, and unforgettable as the singer himself. It affectionately traces Jolson's tune-packed, knee-bending fifty years in show business.

With Larry Parks catching the Mammy singer's eye-rolling exuberance in a bang-up impersonation, the film high-lights in Technicolor such Jolson lore as his bouncy black-face routines, his one-man shows at Broadway's Winter Garden, and his pioneering in talking pictures.

But above all, this is the story of a trouper who's only happy when he's prancing and hamming before an audience, and who messes up his love life somewhere between encores.

His first public performance comes when, as Asa Yoelson, the twelve-year-old son of an Orthodox Jewish cantor, he plays hooky from the synagogue and does some impromptu singing from the balcony of a Washington, D. C., burlesque theater. Incurably smitten with footlight fever, Asa runs away to join burlesque comedian Steve Martin (William Demarest), while his pious parents have conniptions. (Later they relent and, in some of the sweetest scenes in many a movie, read his Variety rave notices with Old World confusion and pride.)

After a few years of small-time barnstorming, there are some changes for Asa—his voice, his name and, at

STORY

—including the plaintive eye-rolling that went along with Jolson's blackface numbers.

last, his luck. (This is where Parks takes over from boy actor Scotty Beckett.) He combines blackface tricks he learned in minstrel shows with ragtime rhythms he heard in New Orleans to make a sensational Broadway debut. Along with success goes marriage to Julie Benson (Evelyn Keyes), a hoofer who wants him to trade in curtain calls for a cottage in the country. She finally walks out on him when he two-times her for his real love—singing.

Evelyn, who learned to dance for this part, is a composite of Jolson's first three wives, but bears a professional resemblance to Ruby Keeler.

Columbia neither mentions Ruby nor gives Al a voice credit, though he obviously did all the singing, including such Jolson favorites as April Showers, Swanee, and Liza. But the rest is strictly Parks, who does well by both Jolson and himself in this, his first big role.

Jolson was technical adviser on the set and spent five months grooming Parks. The young actor also studied old Jolson records and movies until he could talk with a mellow slur, cock his head and look askance in the best Winter Garden style.

The Jolson Story was dreamed up by Hollywood columnist Sidney Skolsky, who got the producer's job as a reward. His brain child is one of the biggest events in show business since Asa Yoelson left home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. swap fame for a nice quiet house in the country—but not for long.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

SISTER KENNY (RKO). An excellent film biography of the Australian nurse in which Rosalind Russell gives a performance of Academy Award caliber.

CLOAK AND DAGGER (Warner Bros.). Gary Cooper and talented Lilli Palmer (in her first American movie) dramatize O.S.S. operations in Italy.

THE KILLERS (Universal). Producer Mark Hellinger has expanded the famous Ernest Hemingway short story into one of the year's most exciting films.

BLUE SKIES (Paramount). A top-notch musical with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Joan Caulfield doing justice to twenty-eight tunes by Irving Berlin.

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS (Paramount). Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin, and Lizabeth Scott make this an absorbing melodrama.

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO (M-G-M). A lavish Technicolored songfest starring Walter Pidgeon, José Iturbi, plus teen-agers Jane Powell and Roddy McDowall.

RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE (Republic). This is a pleasant little comedy with Eddie Albert as a veteran who has more than his share of postwar problems.

THE BIG SLEEP (Warner Bros.). Raymond Chandler's hard-boiled whodunit is a perfect backdrop for the talents of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

NOTORIOUS (RKO). Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant spy and sigh their way through Alfred Hitchcock's engrossing south-of-the-border thriller.

GIRL DIVERS OF JAPAN

Continued from Page 17

salt and sea shells out of it, had it weighed, and spread it on the sands to dry.

Mrs. Fujii's labors illustrated a revived industry in Japan which means that the world is going to get agar-agar again. Every country on earth uses it, the United States in particular. The first shipment to the States, 47,800 pounds, left Japan last June. Nobody got any during the war because the thirty-five different seaweeds yielding it grow so sparsely elsewhere that they are considered peculiar to Japan. Australia, for example, counted as one of the other agar-agar producers, makes only eighty tons a year. The United States, digging the weed from the waters off Lower California, comes up with a measly fifty tons. Japan shoots for 2,000 tons.

You may not be too titillated to know that agar-agar is coming back, but it will be good news to women trying to retain their figures. For agar-agar, a Malayan word meaning "seaweed," may be eaten with impunity. This sweet colorful jellylike substance is the nearest thing to a nutritional vacuum extant in foods. It leaves that feeling of comfortable fullness without causing the eater to sigh, "My dear, I've gone and done it again."

Biology laboratories also are going to be gladdened by resumption of the shipments because agar-agar is a perfect medium for bacteria culture. Being completely neutral, it contains no counteracting elements. During the war this was one of the three uses to which our meager supply was restricted by law. The other two were submarine batteries and shatterproof glass for airplanes. In normal times it is also used in making laxatives, isinglass, in clarifying beer and wines, in meat packing, making jelly and ice cream, and by the textile industry for sizing cloth. These are only a few of its present uses. More are continually being discovered.

Agar-agar is going to cost more now. Seven years ago it sold on the American market for around sixty-five cents a pound. Prospects are that the new shipments will be pegged at two dollars a pound.

The Japs use it chiefly as a food, mixing it with other foods or eating it straight as a hot-weather dessert. The native word for it is *kanten*, meaning "jelly by natural freezing," which is the key to how it is made. The process involves, first, boiling of the weed, after it has been received in mountain areas offering mildly freezing temperatures. The gelidium, rising to the top in boiling, is skimmed off and put in containers. This gelatinous substance is set outdoors to freeze and thaw alternately for two to three weeks. This takes the water out and, with the water, all impurities. The impurities are trapped in the large ice crystals that form at night, and carried away in the water that remains when the ice melts each day.

This process is primitive but mysteriously unmatchable by artificial means. Like the method of harvest, it is an anachronism handed down over the centuries.

Because of the many uses for agar-agar, the universal demand, and the narrowness of its source, there is always less of it than the world wants. Consequently, and in view of the fact Japan badly needed exportable goods, Lieutenant Colonel Reginald H. Fiedler, head of SCAP'S fisheries division, named Captain Claude M. Adams of San Francisco, veteran inspector for the California State Bureau of Fisheries, to investigate the industry soon after the Americans landed in Japan, with a view to its revival.

Now the seaweed industry today rings the Japanese coast as it did before the war virtually closed it down in deference to munitions making. The conditions most suitable to procuring the best seaweed are found along the coast of Shizuoka Prefecture, of which the Izu Peninsula, with the village of Shirahama indented in its side against a backdrop of wooded mountains, is a part.

OLD, isolated Shirahama, eighty-five miles down the coast from Tokyo, and seldom seen by white men, therefore is the seaweed capital of the world. "Seaweed Village," it is called.

The season starts in May and lasts until the typhoons begin in October and the crop is gone. It grows back in the winter months, with a new plant springing forth wherever some particle of its predecessor has been left on the rocks. The only human encouragement to the crop is boulders occasionally dumped into the water. On these the growth is best after three years.

During the season small unpainted boats push out every morning at nine o'clock, seven days a week. There is a twenty-day "rest" in June to plant rice. Aside from this there is no respite except when it rains and hurrying streams becloud the water with mud washed from the mountainside, making the ocean bottom invisible for a couple of days.

EACH boat is occupied by a man and a woman. They usually are husband and wife. They may be an engaged couple. Sometimes there is no such personal relationship, but experience has shown that a connubial interest in each other is best; it makes for better co-ordination, which must be timed to the second. When the girl goes over the side, she requires instant response when she tugs at the line in signal to the boatman that she is ready to come up.

There are two reasons why it is the girl, called *ama* or "sea woman," who

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goes over the side rather than her teammate: She can hold her breath longer, and subcutaneous layers of fat enable her to withstand the cold better. The whistling sound she makes at both ends of the dive is somehow tied up with adjusting the breath slowly. Adjusting it fast is said to be harmful and less effective.

Being the daughters of fishermen, seaside farmers, or other *amas*, the girls incline to be amphibious to begin with. Training begins in childhood, and actual work in the middle teens. During their apprenticeship they develop breath control and resistance to the colder temperatures and increased pressures of the deeper water they will encounter when they graduate to diving from a boat a quarter to a half mile out.

At this distance, where the best weed is found, the water ranges from twenty to seventy feet in depth. The *amas* withstand the crushing pressure of the extreme of these levels, wearing nothing but a pair of goggles and a cotton skirt called *koshimaki*, meaning "waist wrap-around."

The *ama* gets down to where she is going by means of a forty-pound boulder. She either cradles this under an arm as she goes down or seizes the line by which it is lowered. (After each dive the rock is retrieved for further use.) A second line is tied behind her neck, to a halter from which a net bag is suspended in front of her. This leaves both hands free for action the moment she hits bottom. In deftly gathering the weed from its rocky submarine garden, she selects only the larger plants, leaving the smaller ones to grow up for next year's crop. In a minute, with the bag crammed full and just enough seconds of breath left to reach the surface, she tugs at the line back of her neck, and is herself retrieved, she and the weed riding up together.

After a few moments' rest over the charcoal fire in the boat, kept in a sawed-off five-gallon oilcan, she is off again. In a day she will dive an average of forty times. At 3 P.M. a flag goes up on the beach signaling the end of the diving part of the day's work. But there is more and heavier work ahead.

IN this, the most burdensome tasks again fall to the *ama*. While the man cleans the boat, the *ama* carries the day's harvest across the sands to the fresh water of the mountain stream for washing. Each load, rolled in a net slung over her back, weighs 150 pounds, and the amount to be thus transported ranges from 250 to 700 pounds.

The *ama* does not count as labor the family meal to cook, the dishes to wash, children to rear, the laundry and mending and other housekeeping chores that await her at day's end.

This routine goes on for years. Mrs. Fujii has been at it thirty-eight years, starting as a bride of eighteen in 1908. And there have been no vacations. Now fifty-six, she has the body of a girl athlete. Seaweed, in a different way, has kept her slim too, like the stylish American ladies who eat the product of her toil.

TODAY it happened that Mrs. Fujii averaged just short of one minute for each dive. She apologized for not having stayed down longer; the water was cold. Usually she stays down for seventy seconds. That is average for everybody.

Figuring forty dives a day of one minute each, one hundred days a year for thirty-eight years, Mrs. Fujii has been under water, holding her breath, a total sustained time of 105 days of her life.

In one village, where every able-bodied woman is expected to be an *ama*, the girls have a choice between that and spinsterhood, for the men won't marry non-divers; they are assumed to have something wrong with them.

The children of an *ama* are almost literally spawned in the cradle of the deep, for diving goes on even during pregnancy.

There are sometimes accidents in the trade, but they are surprisingly few. Industry officials are reluctant to advertise occupational hazards, especially now that the *amas* are beginning to show signs of discontent, and that new girls are getting harder to find. The *amas* have never had a labor organization, but they are agitating for one now. They also want the companies to supply deep-sea diving suits. With these they will be able to increase their production and, consequently, earn more money. They are paid according to what they bring up. This is three and a half yen per *kan*, a *kan* being a little more than eight pounds.

Increased production would accrue to the benefit of the companies as well, but the employers are more concerned with the cost of the new equipment, which will be high.

The squeeze is already on, in that many of the divers who were drafted to factories and offices of the cities during the war discovered a new world and don't want to leave it. Shirahama, for instance, had 180 *amas* before the war; now it has less than half that number. Only five are new girls who started this year.

Hetaro Onuma, who, as village chief appointed by the emperor, is virtually dictator of Shirahama, told of how the girls were learning to get the weed by dragging a system of rakes across the ocean bottom from boats. He said this was a better system than diving, but in the same breath he complained of the apostasy of the *amas*. It was clear that he felt the girls were getting a lot of newfangled ideas.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

An obstinate man does not hold opinions—they hold him.—*Samuel Butler.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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RETURN TO THE RIVER

Continued from Page 27

in this little world, and the old magic began working for Jeremy: this was like other runs of other days. Until the night he found *her*.

They were tied up just below Yanktown. There was a great white moth of a moon that night, fluttering above the eastern bluffs, and the girl was leaning against the railing of the main deck. Jeremy was enjoying the night when he saw her. Even from behind he recognized the slope of her shoulders, the shapeliness of her neck, and the way her black hair was piled high. He had visualized her on too many other nights, black nights, with Confederate shore batteries rumbling sullenly, and for a moment this was like a dream. He came forward and took her by the elbow and said, "Well, Judith?"

She turned, not startled. Given red hair and the serenity of her features charged with a rash impulsiveness, she would be Zane Harlan, her brother who had filled a grave in Cajun country. "So you found me, Jeremy," she said.

"You've been aboard all this time?" he demanded. "And a deck passenger at that."

"You'd have found me sooner if I'd taken cabin passage."

He had known of her resoluteness in the past, but this was beyond him. She said, "Do you think I didn't guess why you were so anxious to get back to the river, Jeremy? Some men would have mentioned a wedding after four years of waiting. You've something to settle with yourself first. I thought there might be a time when you'd need me near."

His first frightening thought was that she knew all there was to know, but logic banished that, and he saw that only instinct had served her. He wanted to say that he was grateful, but mingled emotions worked in him, so he wanted also to say that her being here gave him no strength and would bring no peace. "You can go ashore at Yanktown," he said. "A little later in the season there'll be packets heading downstream."

She said, "I think I'll stay aboard."

"But you can't!" he protested. "It may be dangerous beyond the Niobrara. That's Sioux country, remember. You must go ashore!"

A MAN shaped up out of the darkness. "I haven't meant to eavesdrop," he said, "but I've appointed myself Miss Harlan's guardian for the run, Spain. You can be sure I'll see that she suffers no insult from riffraff among the passengers."

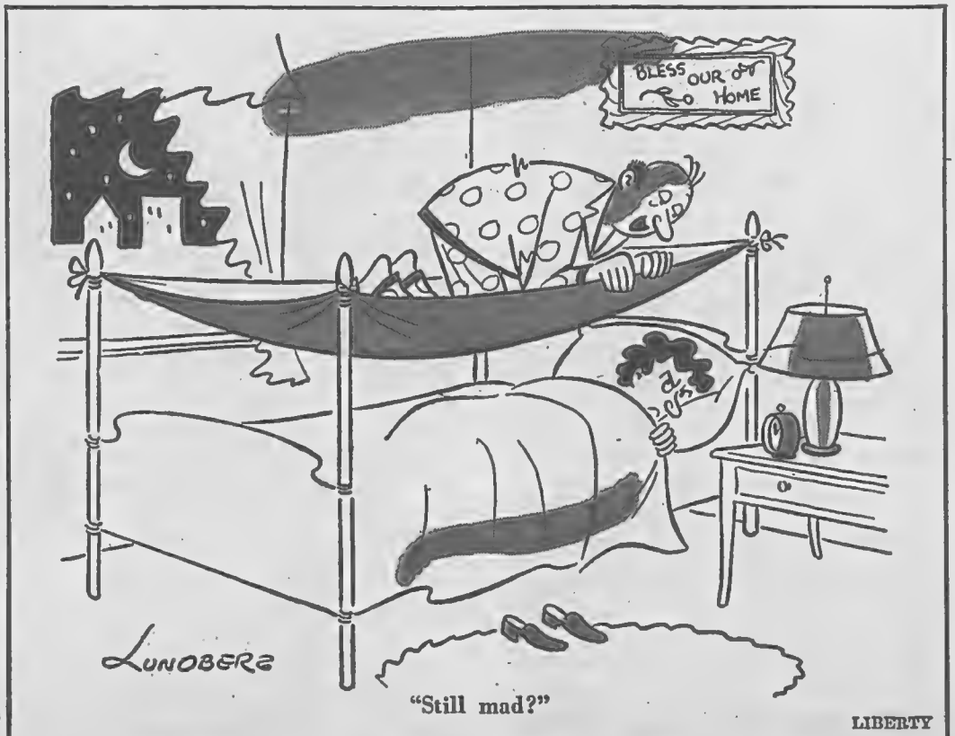
Jeremy remembered him. The years had touched Dawson Cutter only lightly. He had plied these Missouri packets for many seasons, and rumor whispered that he'd been banished from the Mississippi because of certain matters pertaining to marked cards and sleeve guns. In Cutter now was a calm assurance that nettled Jeremy and brought an itch to his knuckles. Giving Cutter the contempt of silence, Jeremy said, "Come with me, Judith."

She followed obediently as he led the way up to the pilothouse. He said, "The only way I can turn you back downriver is to tell you the whole truth. Is that it?"

She said, "Whatever you want to tell, I want to hear."

He looked out at the river, not knowing how to start.

"Zane and I volunteered together; you know that," he said. "I've always supposed that your father or mine talked to friends in Washington, but, be that as it may, we were both commissioned ensigns and assigned to the same frigate. Our job



"Still mad?"

LIBERTY

"Next time you come, I hope to have a guest room!"

LIBERTY

was to watch for Confederate blockade runners—forty ships patrolling eight thousand miles of seacoast at first, but we tightened up as time went on. In '62 there was a call for volunteers acquainted with New Orleans. Zane stepped up, and I was at his heels."

"Your letters mentioned some of this," she said.

"The job was intelligence work—spying," Jeremy went on. "Five sailors who'd also volunteered put Zane and me ashore in the dark of the moon and came along with us. We reached New Orleans and left our five sailors on the outskirts. You see, they didn't know the town, but Zane and I knew it. From the French Market to Toulouse Street, from Congo Square to the waterfront—and it was along the water front we were to do our work—pick up any information that might be valuable to Farragut in the coming assault on the city."

"That's where Zane died?"

"That's where Zane died," he said harshly. "You know how it was with steamboatmen before the war: We did business with cotton and tobacco planters as far south as Louisiana; we knew farmers and lumbermen in Wisconsin, and we came into this wilderness to Fort Benton. When the war started, as many of us joined up with the Confederacy as with the Union. In New Orleans that night, Zane and I separated, he heading into one tavern, I into another. All I can guess is that some steamboatman recognized him. There was shooting. When I asked questions, someone told me a Yankee spy had been cornered in Zane's tavern and was putting up a fight. There was another spy somewhere near, they said, and the group who'd brought them was waiting beyond town and would likely be bagged by morning. Don't ask me how that had become common knowledge. The point is that we'd fouled ourselves up."

"You saw Zane die, Jeremy?"

He shook his head. "To have gone to Zane's help would have meant capture and death for me as well as for him. Five boys were waiting outside town. I headed back to them and we got to our ship by the skin of our teeth. Afterward, when the city had been taken, we learned that Zane was killed."

She said, "Why didn't you tell me this before, Jeremy?"

HE found the strength to look at her. "Can't you see?" he cried. "I chose to desert Zane. The choice was mine, and I did what I thought best. But I've gone over that night a thousand times. Maybe if I'd headed into that tavern to help him, by some freak of luck the two of us would have escaped alive. But I didn't do that. And every time I've had a decision to make since, I've remembered the decision that made me desert Zane. I've lost all the surety I've ever owned. I've hoped to get it back on the river. But when I take the wheel in my hands, I remember that every life aboard depends on me. And now I'll be remembering that *you* are here. I've had to tell you the truth. Now every time you look at me alive, you'll be seeing Zane dead. Perhaps it would be best if you gave me back my ring."

She took it from her finger, but she was a long time tugging at it. She pressed it into his hand and was gone from the pilothouse for all of a minute before he sensed that he was alone. Sometimes he'd wondered how it would be if he could get the truth out of himself and lay it before her, and this was how it had been.

He didn't see a great deal of Judith in the days that followed. He exiled himself to his cabin again, spending

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90 Proof 100% grain products neutral spirits, made from choice American grain
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his time between the texas and the pilothouse, and now that the Eclipse was into the Upper Missouri, the river was more hazardous. The boat often had to be "grasshoppered" over sand bars, that incredible process by which the packet, by means of poles, spars, and its own power, literally lifted itself across obstructions.

Captain Webb came to the pilothouse one day when the Bijou Hills had become a dull smudge on the horizon behind them. "Better keep your eyes peeled for all the wooding camps we'll come up to, son," he said. "From Fort Buford on to Benton we'll have to go a few miles inland to get fuel. If we keep the deck stacked meanwhile, we'll have less delay on the last stretch."

Jeremy nodded. He had developed a knack of being two men: one who thought only of piloting and one who thought only of Judith. She hadn't left the boat at Yanktown. This much Jeremy knew, for he saw her strolling the deck with Dawson Cutter. He supposed he should be glad that some queer streak of gallantry in the man kept him at Judith's side.

Sometimes now the Eclipse made moonlight runs, for Captain Webb had evinced a desire to finish this last stage of the journey in record time. Jeremy was called upon to pit himself against the river at all hours, and he grew haggard from the strain. There was no longer any heart in the test. The change had come that night he'd asked for Judith's ring and got it. She'd been the incentive that had made him want to stand worthy in his own eyes again. But she was a turned page in his life. Fort Benton had stood for something once: a test completed, a future made clear of shoals. Now it would merely be journey's end.

HE was thinking of this on an afternoon when the sunlight danced upon the river. That was when he spied the wood camp. He automatically brought the packet in nearer the shore, gauged the run of the current, and decided he needed no deck hand to take a sounding. At the proper moment he would back the packet to the crude landing that thrust into the water like a splintery finger. But as he neared the wood camp, some instinct of the old days whispered warning to Jeremy. From the pilothouse he could see the stacked cottonwood and the crude shelters of the wood hawks, but there was no sign of life.

These wood camps were in constant danger, for, even though Red Cloud, chief of the Sioux, had made his peace with the white man, there were always stray Indians, bound by nothing so flimsy as a treaty, who preyed upon these camps. A device of other days had been to massacre the wood hawks and lie in wait until a steamboat put in for fuel. There'd been many a packet scuttled and burned because its crew had fallen

(*Continued on page 72*)

THE THROPP
I'M WORRIED! LEAVING SMILEY WITH THE KID WAS A MISTAKE!
FORGET IT AND LET'S GET THOSE DRUGS! SMILEY CAN HANDLE THE BRAT!
BUT SMILEY HAS OTHER IDEAS!
HOW FAR TO THE NEAREST DRUG-STORE?
ABOUT THIRTY MILES HOP IN!
DON'T WORRY, EMMA. THE POLICE ARE COMBING ALL THE ROADS OUT OF TOWN
MY POOR BABY! HE'S PROBABLY TIED HAND AND FOOT IN SOME AWFUL SPOT!
ACCELERATE, OSWALD! YOU'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
WOULD YOU TWO SLEUTHS ENJOY CAPTURING THE CULPRITS?
WHERE ARE THEY?
PD
YOU CAN NAB 'EM IF YOU SPLIT THE GRAND WITH ME! THINK FAST!
IT MEANS PROMOTION FOR US, CLANCY!
IT'S A DEAL! LET'S GO!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

TUBVILLE POLICE? OZZIE THROPP TALKING. MY KIDNAPERS WILL APPEAR IN SOME DRUGSTORE WITHIN A THIRTY MILE RADIUS! HERE ARE THEIR DESCRIPTIONS...

Continued next week

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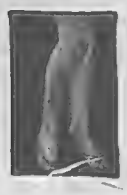

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MILES NERVINE

(*Continued from page 70*)

into such a trap. Remembering this, Jeremy studied the wood camp and sensed an old familiar crawling of the skin and recalled now that the mate had gone ashore with a rifle held at readiness at every wood camp they'd put in at since the Niobrara.

Here, then, was a decision to be made, and Jeremy made it quickly. Their need for fuel was not acute and there'd be other wood camps farther along. If worse came to worse, there were rack heaps, those accumulations of driftwood piled high by the current upon sand bars in this season of lifting water. He dropped his hand from the signal cord, that would have clanged bells ordering the engine room to bring the packet around, and as he dropped his hand, he heard a step in the doorway behind him. "Put in, Spain," a voice said. "No trouble, please."

It was Dawson Cutter who'd spoken. He saw the derringer in Cutter's hand. Suddenly he was remembering Captain Webb that first day out of St. Louis when Webb had spoken of their cargo and of renegade crews who plagued the upper river and said, "Likely there are men aboard who are set to swing a signal lantern when the proper time has come."

Now a great many things were clear, and Jeremy turned them over in his mind in an instant. That wood-camp was indeed a deathtrap. It was not marauding Indians who lurked in hiding there, but white men who had known this packet carried valuable cargo and who intended boarding the Eclipse and taking over the boat. Those river pirates had put a man aboard, just as Captain Webb had suspected, and that man was Dawson Cutter. And this was Cutter's job: to see that the packet put in at yonder camp if it failed to stop as a matter of ordinary necessity.

NOW Cutter said darkly, "You heard me, Spain. Signal the engine room to reverse the paddles."

"No," Jeremy said and turned his eyes to the river again. It was as simple as that, and because Jeremy had now grasped all of the situation, he had seen his way of action—which was not to act. Those renegades at the wood camp had no boats handy; a display of boats at the landing would have been in itself a warning to the packet. They were depending on the Eclipse putting in at the camp, and Dawson Cutter was to be their assurance that the packet would put in. But it took a pilot to do the proper maneuvering, and a dead pilot wouldn't fit into the scheme. Therefore Dawson Cutter's gun was a bluff, and Cutter's demand was a bluff, and Jeremy had called that bluff.

Cutter would gain nothing but a hangman's rope by killing him, and, baffled and exposed as a renegade by this act, would have no choice now but to go overboard and swim

"Thank goodness, they're only his baby teeth."

LIBERTY

for the shore and the protection of his confederates. Cutter had even taken a step back toward the door; Jeremy heard the scrape of his boot sole. But Cutter said now, "Fetch her in, Jacob. Our pilot friend hasn't understood. Not yet."

THAT brought Jeremy around again, his hands still on the wheel. He saw the deck hand who was coming into the pilothouse and recognized the man, for he'd seen him many times on this run. And that deck hand was carrying a struggling Judith, one arm around her waist, his free hand across her mouth. Cutter said, "I expected you'd be stubborn, Spain. That's why I planned a sleeve card. Did you suppose I'd been attentive to Miss Harlan merely for her company?"

Jeremy said with cold fury, "You'll never get off this packet alive, Cutter!"

"It's not me you need to be worrying about," Cutter said. "Will you signal the engine room now, or shall I put a bullet into Miss Harlan? Be sensible, Spain. I don't want your blood, or hers either. You stand a chance to live through this—both of you."

Jeremy's hands were on the wheel, gripped hard until the whites of his knuckles showed, and he wished for the revolver Webb had issued him in St. Louis, but that gun was in a locker a dozen feet away. He saw now the end to everything. He saw his packet backing to the landing and men swarming aboard and guns blaring and the decks running with blood as passengers and crew went down in a futile fight. He saw himself living through this, as Cutter had promised, and Judith living, too, and a St. Louis board of inquiry sitting in judgment upon him, remembering that the owners had put him back in a pilothouse with mis-

givings, and that those misgivings had been justified.

All this he saw, and something else as well. The packet was now just past the wood camp. Ahead was a long, slanting line on the face of the river, and because he was trained to read this river as some men read a book, he knew that dead ahead was a solid sand bar, not quite showing out of the water. Off at a distance the line fringed out, beginning to fade away, and that was where he should steer, for that was a low place where the packet might pass over without scraping bottom. Seeing this, he reached for the signal cord and jerked it, jangling the bells. But his signal was for full speed ahead.

Cutter had been awaiting a different signal, and even as Jeremy hauled on the cord he knew Cutter would understand. The gambler had plied this river too long not to be familiar with the bells. Cutter cursed, swinging his gun toward Jeremy. But the boat was lurching forward, striking hard against the sand bar, the impact jarring the packet so hard that all four were thrown from their feet. This was as Jeremy had planned when he'd sighted the bar and made the signal.

And when he fell, he fell on top of Cutter.

He heard Cutter's derringer snap as he landed upon the man. Jeremy felt fire burn along his temple and was hard put to hold to consciousness.

But he got the gun away from Cutter and flung it aside. He got his hands on Cutter's throat and squeezed hard, knowing that everything he must do must be done soon. Off yonder, on the floor, he could see the deck hand and Judith, and he could hear shouts from below. With the packet beached high upon a sand bar, men would be coming to investigate, just as Jeremy had known they would.

Boots were pounding on the companionway to the pilothouse, and Jeremy got a glimpse of Captain Webb just before the swirling darkness closed in to claim him.

HE came back to consciousness in the familiar surroundings of his own cabin, and again he saw Captain Webb's face. There was a smell of medicine in the air, and it was hard for Jeremy to focus his eyes. He felt very weak. He managed to say, "Cutter?"

"In irons down in the cargo hold," Webb said. "Nearly twenty hours now. That was yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

Webb smiled. "We got both him and that rascally deck hand. And when Miss Harlan told us the danger, we grasshoppered off the sand bar, and I put the mate overside in a dory and sent him to the far shore. We were within walking distance of Fort Pierre, and he found soldiers there. By now those soldiers have probably caught up with the crew that was hiding at the wood camp. Off yonder, somewhere, there's a good fight going on, likely."

There was more that Jeremy wanted to ask, but Webb managed to dissolve, and when Jeremy got his eyes to working again, Judith was seated by the bunk. She didn't speak for a long time.

Then she said, "You might have been shot when you made that wrong signal."

"His gun was aimed at you," he said and tried to keep the bitterness out of his voice. "It was another decision to make, and I made it. Up until then I'd only had Zane to haunt me. If luck hadn't been with us, I'd be thinking of *you* dead now."

She said, "When you told me about how Zane died, I hated you, the same as you've been hating yourself all this time, I suppose. That's why I gave you back your ring. But you got a second chance to make a choice, and I was there this time. And now I understand. You acted your own way in New Orleans, Jeremy, and you had to act your own way again. Down there you had Zane to think about, but you also had to remember five sailors who didn't know their danger and might have died if you'd died. Yesterday the choice was between your life and mine on the one hand, and a few hundred passengers and a packet on the other. You could have bought your life, but you didn't think of yourself. No more than you did that night in New Orleans. My brother was a brave man, Jeremy. But you were both brave and cautious. I know that now."

IT had never struck him how all this might look if you held it up to such a light, but he examined it carefully now, and he decided that perhaps this way of his was indeed a good way—good because it was sound, and it was his way, and for him there could be no other. And with that knowledge came a greater knowledge: a man would have many choices to make, and he'd always make them according to the workings of himself. Maybe the way that balanced the greater number of lives against the fewer wasn't such a bad way.

He was going to ask her if she'd take back the ring, but something in her face told him he didn't need to ask.

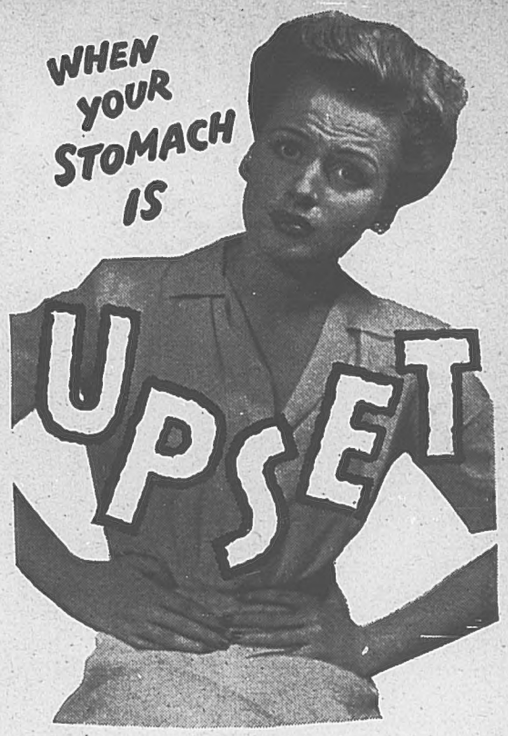
He began fumbling for his pocket and discovered his clothes had been taken from him. They'd be on a chair, yonder, he supposed, and he tried looking for them, and he saw the ring then, saw it when she lifted a hand to brush away a stray lock of hair as she rose and bent over him, her lips touching his.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

It's bad form when a girl wears a bathrobe over her bathing suit. . . . If it weren't, she wouldn't have to wear one!—*Donald DeFore.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★



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OCT. 19, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

DO WE GUARD OUR SECRETS WELL?

THE article on page 13 in this issue of Liberty pulls together the threads of a story which few Americans took the trouble to follow as it developed day by day in their newspapers. Yet few news breaks since the war's end are as significant as these revelations concerning Russia's spying activities on this continent.

Most readers of this article will find it shocking. It will make them a little angry. The shock and anger do not arise from the knowledge that Russia engages in spying on her former allies. It would be surprising, in fact, if she did not. With the world in its present state, it is an imperative and solemn duty for governments to know what is going on in other countries. The Russians have as much right to do so as anyone else. We only hope that our own officials are equally alert in keeping themselves abreast of Russian secrets.

The shock and anger arise from the manner in which the Soviets go about their espionage, and are directed not so much against the Russians as against those blind and idolatrous subjects of King George who discarded their heritage of freedom to become dupes of despotism and traitors to their country.

If it could happen in Canada it can happen here. We, too, have our share of people who believe the American system of liberty and freedom is passé and unsuited to the modern world; who think Communism is the wave of the future. They are with us in all walks of life, high and low. Some are rich; some are poor. Many are in key places in government and in a position to do irreparable harm to their country. Quite a few are in positions of real power in labor unions and able directly to influence the functioning of the American economy either on their own initiative or at the behest of the deep thinkers of the Kremlin.

It is not our purpose to point a finger at anyone or to deny any individual the right to think as he pleases. Nor do we infer that all those who believe in Communism are untrustworthy and potential traitors. However, we do contend that those who follow the "party line," who uphold Russia and condemn America in every quarrel, must be viewed with suspicion. This nation and its citizens must not allow those who disdain the American way of life to abort the will of the majority and do damage to the well-being of the United States.

What happened in Canada is an object lesson to us. We cannot and will not curtail freedom of thought or of expression, but we must make certain America's secrets are not accessible to anyone who disbelieves in America.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE

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